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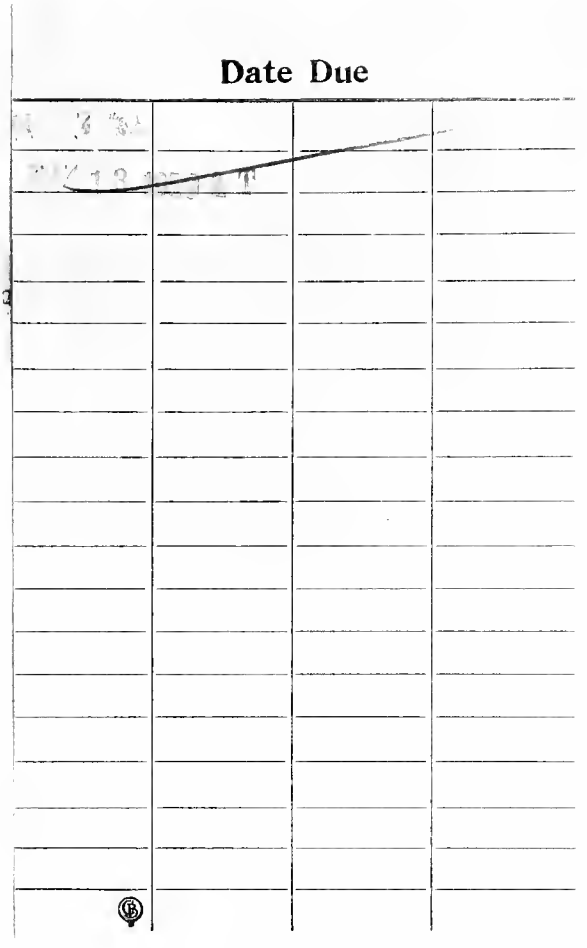

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Claudius Tiberius Nero

1607

Date of earliest known edition 1607

(*From the Dyce copy at South Kensington.*)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Claudius Tiberius Nero

1607

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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Claudius Tiberius Nero

1607

This facsimile of "Nero" is from the Dyce copy at South Kensington.

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JOHN S. FARMER.

THE Tragedie of Claudius Tiberius Nero, *Romes* greateſt Tyrant.

Truly repreſented out of the pureſt Records *of thoſe times.*

Et Studio, et Labore.

Anonymous

LONDON
Printed for *Francis Burton*, dwelling in Paules *Church-yard at the ſigne of the Flower-de-luce* and Crowne. 1607

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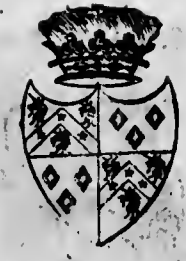

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE & ART
DYCE BEQUEST
1869

To the Right Worſhipfull Sir Arthur Mannering Knight, (*Sonne and Heyre vnto Sir George Mannering of Eithfield in the Countie of Salop*) Carver vnto Prince Henry his Grace.

IF Cuſtome (Right worſhipfull) had ſo greate a Prerogatiue as that nothing croſsing it, were at all alowable, then might I iuſtlye feare reprehenſion for this my Dedication, hauing (to my knowledge) but a ſinguler Preſident heerein; and the reaſon wherefore ſo many Plaies haue formerly beene publiſhed without Inſcriptions vnto particular Patrons (contrary to Cuſtome in diuulging other Bookes) although perhaps I could nerely gueſſe yet becauſe I would willingly offend none, I will now conceale. This young Scholler, as his proportion is comelye, ſo are his garments graue, his language faire, and by his ſpeech it ſhould ſeeme that his Father was an Academian: his tongue is tipt with Eloquence, and his face is louely: he tels ſtrange (but true) ſtories: he is meruailous wittie, and notwithſtanding his Orphant-age (for eyther hee hath loſt his Father, or his Father hath loſt him) yet it ſhould ſeeme that he hath read much, for he is well ſeene in Antiquities, but moſt eſpecially inward with Cornelius Tacitus, our beſt approued Hiſtorian, which cannot chuſe but acquire him ſome fauour. I will ſay no more in his commendation let his own good parts praiſe him, but in regard he is fatherles, your Worſhip (I thinke) may doe a deede of Charitie to be his Guardian, and happily his owne father may once be thankful vnto you for ſuch kindnes. In the mean ſpace, as I my ſelfe am partly by duetie already bound vnto your Worſhip, ſo my loue ſhal make vp that which in duetie is wanting, and heereafter I will remaine your Worſhips deuoted.

Ad Lectores.

In ſtead of Prologue to my Play,
Obſerue this one thing I ſhall ſay.

I vſe no Sceane ſuppos'd as many doe,
But make the Truth my Sceane, and Actors too.

For

Of Romes great Tyrant I the ſtorie tell,
And what vnto that State in Neroes Raigne befel.

The Tragicall life and death of Claudius Tiberius Nero.

Enter mourners to the funerall: firſt Cocceius Nerua, with other Flaminij: next, the hearſe of Auguſtus: then Tiberius, with Iulia on his right hand: then Druſus Tiberius, and Liuia: Then Agripina alone: next, her three ſonnes, Druſus, Nero, and Caligula: next two Conſuls, Aſinius Gallus, and Titius Sabinus, with other Senators. They paſſe ouer the ſtage and goe in: then ſound to the Coronation: and enter firſt two Conſuls; then Tiberius Nero, Nerua with the crowne Emperiall: then Aſinius, Sabinus, and Scianus, Senators: then Druſus Tiberius, Druſus, Nero, and Caligula: Tiberius Nero aſcendeth.

Tib. VIctorious Conſuls, and graue Senators,
My noble kinſmen and deere Countrimē,
Deare friends to deare Auguſtus happineſſe:
Happie to haue ſuch friends, and Countrimen:
Could I but ſhadow out in maske of words,
The ſorrowing language of my groaning ſoule,
Or with a ſtreame of teares alay the flame,
Wherewith my heart doth like an Ætna burne,
Yea Gods I call to witneſſe of my thoughts, (words:
My tongue ſhould ſpeake, and ſpeake in weeping
Mine eyes ſhould well out words, & ſpeak in teares,
Wordes in my weeping, weeping in my words,
To ſympathize my deare affection,
But ſince,—— *He feigneth to ſwound.*
Scia. What ayles my Lord? how fares your noble grace?
Nero. See how the inundation of his griefe
Doth

Doth ſtop the fountaine of his vtterance.
Aſin. So true a griefe expreſt with ſuch true loue,
Would make a man to be in loue with griefe.
Dru. Tibe. My Lord and father, what deepe paſſion
Your deep-engrauen ſorrowes hath ſurpriz'd?
Tib. Ah Druſus, Druſus, the late memorie,
Of great Auguſtus honorable deedes,
Compared with this new priuation,
Doth riue my heart twixt contrarities.
Now would my tongue remember his faire deedes,
But then my heart ſwels with remembrance.
Sweet Druſus, thou whoſe young experience,
Hath not ſuch deepe impreſſion of theſe woes,
Our honorable buryall rights vnfould,
As moſte befits theſe ſolomne Exequies.
Dru. Tib. My Lord my duetie bindes me to obey,
Againſt my reaſon, and my budding yeares,
Yet for to checke my yeares, my reaſon ſaies,
My duetie muſt be reaſon to my yeares.
Therefore great States of this ſad Parliament,
Fathers of Rome partakers of our woes,
Vouchſafe to waſh your ſiluer haires more white,
With flowing teares of true compaſſion.
Auguſtus Cæſar, high *Octauius*,
The true ſucceſſor of great Iulius,
Who whilome glittering in his Sunne-bright raies
Surpaſt the glorie of yong Phaeton:
Now in the darke eclipſing of his daies,
Lies lower then Apolloes breathleſſe Sonne.
Often hath Rome ſeene mans fragillitie,
But nere before the Gods mortallitie.
Ile pleade his Iuſtice, loe his mercie ſhines:
Ile call him mercifull, yet iuſt withall:
In mercy iuſt, in Iuſtice mercifull:
Ile pleade his honour, then his meekenes calls,
Ile praiſe his meekenes, yet in honours robes:

In honour meeke, in meekenes honourable,
Ile plead his wiſdome, but his wit me checks,
Ile praiſe his wit, yet linckt in wiſdomes chaine,
In wittie wiſdome, and in wiſdome wit.
Ile plead his beautie, but his ſtrength bids ſtay,
Ile praiſe his ſtrength but in a beautious manſion,
Beauteous in valour, and in beautie ſtrong:
So if ye reake not mans fragilitie,
Yet weepe to ſee the Gods mortalitie.

Con. 1. No more ſweet *Druſus* into pleaſing teams,
A ſtorie to diſpleaſing thou relat'ſt.

Con. 2. Good *Druſus*, adde not water to the ſea,
To make our ſea of ſorrowes ouerflow.

Nerua. In vaine, in vaine, theſe puling ſignes of griefe,
Effeminate waywardnes, inconſtant mindes,
Vaſſailes to fortune, ſlaues to natures courſe;
Auguſtus dead and ſo muſt all mendie,
So worke the ſiſters of neceſſitie.
No perſon humane can eternall be,
But in ſucceſſion hath eternitie.
Since then the' ternall prouidence of heauen,
Hath ratified *Auguſtus* Deitie,
We muſt prouide for his poore Widdow left,
Left to our patronage (the Common-wealth)
And you my Lord *Tiberius* the true heire
Of great *Auguſtus* by adoption,
With loyall homage and true fealtie,
We doe create our gratious Emperour.

Tiber. And muſt my ſilence breake or heart (diſolue
In the accepting of a double yoake?
Not ſo *Cocceius* tis impoſsible.
Poore ſoule for me or for my modeſtie.
To ſway th' imperiall Scepter of the world,
That of this world am not my Emperour,
One onely *Phœnix* in *Arabia*,

Preſents a ſacrifice to heauens eye,
One onely *Atlas* by his prouidence
The glittering ſtarrs of heauen can ſupport.
One onely one *Auguſtus*, onely he
Our Romane *Phœnix* fit for Emperie,
Who I? no, no, I know not what you meane,
An Emperour muſt wake, I drowſie am:
An Emperour muſt be valiant, I am old:
He muſt be iuſt, I may be ouer-rul'd:
Sole Monarch muſt he be, my mother liues:
And muſt, and ſhall be honoured while ſhe liues.
An Emperour muſt be able to endure,
In warre the winters froſts, and ſummers heate,
I feele a palſie rooted in my bones,
He muſt haue honie-dropping eloquence:
I for my part nere playd the Orator.
By this my Tribunes power well I know,
How many doubtfull cares he muſt endure
That taketh care to be an Emperour.
An Empire (Gods forfend) a goodly bait,
To fiſh for witleſſe high aſpiring fooles.
Humilitie perſwades me to auoyde
A droppe of honie in a flood of Gall.
Lords trouble not my reſolution,
I dare not, can not, will not take the crowne.

Seia. By Ioue moſt gallantly diſſembled: *Aſide.*
Alas my Lord let tribute of our teares,
Plead for the orphant of our countryes ſtate.
We know———

Ti. What do ye know? I know wel what ye know
Youle ſay the ſtate is dolefull: ſo am I.
The ſtate is now an orphant, ſo am I,
The ſtate hath loſt his head, and ſo haue I
My deare *Auguſtus*. *He faineth weeping.*

Sab. Why weepes *Tiberius* and will not ceaſe?
And will not ceaſe the weeping of the ſtate?

Tib. Yes

Tiber. Yes, yes, *Sabinus*, I will help my part,
There is Germanicus the hope of Roome,
Nero and *Druſus*, and *Caligula*.
Theſe gallant bloſſomes of the goodly ſtemme,
Cocceius, *Titus*, and *Aſinius*,
The ſpotleſſe records of antiquitie,
Theſe are fit actors for our empires ſtage,
I for my part will act ſome little part,
Fit for my barren witte and leaden tongue,
And you my Lords ſhare in equaltie,
The glorious Sceanes of Roomes faire Emperie.
Aſi. Why then my Lord *Tiberius*, chooſe you part
The fruitfull *Sicily* or gold of Spaine,
The Arabian ſpices, or the Indian pearles,
The Engliſh wels, or Vines of Italie:
The Palmes of Iury, or the Sithian Bathes,
Either Ægiptian Iſis, or Roomes Ioue,
Memphis or Rome, Athens or Troynouant,
Large Citties, fertile ſoile, and gratious Gods,
If theſe, or any other may content,
Within the Circuit of our Empire,
My Lord, chooſe out your part, and leaue the reſt
To be aſſign'd at our diſcretion. *Sciānus aſide.*
O for a ſhift, now Lyon rouſe thy ſelfe,
Or elſe for euer looſe thy Lyons head.
Tib. May I *Aſinius* chooſe? then this I chooſe,
To take no charge, for all I know is care,
Sicilians mutinus and Spaniards proud,
Arabians ſimple fooles, and Indeans droyles,
Britons too rude, Italians too too wiſe,
Diſloyall Serians, ſuperſtitious Iewes,
Iſis too far, and Ioue is plac'd to neare,
Memphis, and Rome, Athens and Troynouant,
All godly Citties, but all dangerous,
By Ioue my hate hee deadly ſhall obtaine,
That bids me but to take a part againe.

Assi. Not ſoe my Lord, you did miſconſter me,
I did not meane to make deuiſion
In the vnited Vnion of the Realme:
I did not meane to ſeparate the Sunne,
To runne by peece-meale in the Zodiacke:
Nor dreame of multiplicitie of ſoules,
Which one continued eſſence animates,
The heauens cannot mooue without a Sunne:
Nor can the heauens haue more Sunnes then one.
Tiber. Aſſinius I perceiue I did you wrong,
So to interpret your oration,
I am ſorry, (troth I am) and if I liue
Ile recompence your mighty iniuries.
Neru. Will not *Tiberius* then accept the Crowne?
Tiber. Why ſhould *Tiberius* libertie be ceaſed?
Neru. No, Princes haue the rule of libertie.
Tiber. If libertie in greatneſſe did relie.
Neru. My Lord, my Lord, it is no time to ieſt,
Nor dallie it out in quoin'd Antitheſis,
Emperour or no Emperour, will you the Crowne or (no?
Nero, ſpeake plaine, it is high time to knowe.
Tib. Take heed my Lords, be warie in your choiſe,
Leaſt after ſtormes controle your raſh attempt,
You are to chooſe, but once conſider well
After, all Subiectes to your Emperour.
If you conſtraine me to this doubtfull taske,
And I (as God forbid) ſhould change my minde,
Turning my pittie to a Lyons rage,
My ſnow white conſcience to a Scarlet dye,
Would not the Nations of the leſſer world
That are not ſubiect to our Emperie,
Deride your lunaticke election,
And if ye ſhould but thinke amiſſe of me,
Would they not laugh at your inconſtancie?
Take heede, take heede, in vaine ye will repent,
Being fore-warn'd, and yet would not preuent.

Sabin. My

Sabin. My Lord, how long ſhall we wright in the ſands,
Or plough the ayre with vaine deluſions?
Our tongues are tyred, and our throates are hoarſe,
And all in vaine we bend our ſuplyant knees,
Vaſſaile our idle thoughts of reuerence,
Subdue our mounting fancies to your loue,
And will not all this mooue *Tiberius*? (queſt.

Ne. Ger. Good Grandſire graunt the Senatours re-

Dru. Ger. Grandſire, they ſpeake in earneſt, take the Crowne.

Calig. Ger. Grandſire accept this golde, looke how it ſhines!
My thinkes it would become you paſſing fine.

Tiber. Deare Children, (old *Tiberius* eldeſt care)
My heart doth daunce to heare the melody,
That heauenly Conſort turned to mine eares,
Thanks my kinde kinſ-men, noble Romains thāks
Euen from my heart, although my cares increaſe,
Conſtrain'd, yet gratefull for your kinde conſtraint,
Bound to receiue that which my ſoule abhors,
Enforc'd to honour which my yeares deny,
Inchain'd to rule, bane to my modeſtie.
Yet were my cares in number infinite,
(For who can number all his cares hath none)
Should they ſhowre downe in droppes of ſtreaming blood
Muſter in troups of languiſhing diſpaire,
Swarme like to Bees, ſting like to Scorpions;
Or like a flocke of Vultures gnaw my heart.
Yet theſe and more, and twice ten thouſand more,
Old *Nero* will for Countries cauſe indure,
For you my Fathers, and for you my Sonnes.

Sound Trumpets, Nerua crowneth him.

Ner. Moſt mightie *Cæſar*, great *Tiberius*,
Euer *Auguſtus* Tribune of the State,
Perpetuall Dictator, Lord of Rome,

Sole Conſull for our conquered Prouinces,
Prince of the Senate in our policies,
Wee heere inueſt your ſacred Majeſtie,
In all the Ornaments imperiall,
Roomes and the worlds moſt glorious Emperour.
Omnes. Long liue *Tiberius* Roomes great Emperor.
Tiber. Like as an hartles fawne, enuironed
Within the circuit of the hunters crie,
So ſtand I Romaines wondring at your ſhowtes,
Theſe new alarum's quel my ſlumbring thoughts,
Chaſt to the Bay, I breatheleſſe panting muſe,
To view the vnquoth glorie of the hunt.
Neuer could *Sparta* glorie of ſuch pray,
As for to haue an Emperour at bay.
But noble Romaines, there's another Deare,
A gallant Roebucke, braue *Germanicus*:
Roomes ſhining Beacon in rude Germany,
Our deare adopted Sonne, our bleſſed care,
To him my Lords (as zeale of my affection)
And ſigne of duetie to the common ſtate,
We doe prorogue eight yeares proconſulſhip,
On you *Aſinius* we doe impoſe,
To be our Legate to Germanicus.
Tell him we loue him, (and be ſure you doe)
Tell him we honour him (doe not forget)
We loue and honour deare *Germanicus*,
And would be ioyfull to beholde our Sonne,
Honoured in triumph a the Capitall.
But that we knowe the honour of his minde,
Diſdaines to crop the bloſſomes of his fame,
Till it be flowred in his Summers pride,
And all the barbarous Germaines be ſubdu'd.
This doe *Aſinius* and returne with loue,
In our new glorie, we thy honour proue.
Aſin. My Lord, what ere *Aſinius* honour proueth
His expedition ſhall declare he loueth.

Tib. Now

Tiber. Now Fathers, we will to the Sacrifice,
Saluting all the Gods in viſitation :
Let *Lectiſternia* three daies be proclaimed,
The *Sibbels* counſels and *Flaminies*,
Ianus ſhut vp, and *Veſtaes* fire blaze,
Into the middle region of the ayre,
Wee all my Lords will to the Cappitall,
In ſiluer ſeale, our records to enrole. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Plebeians, foure ſpeakers.

1 Did you not ſee our new Emperour how brauely he came from his Corronation.

2 Yes, twa's a gallāt ſight ſure, but did you mark his countenance? my thought tis mightily altred within this fiue or ſix quarters of a yere ſince I ſaw him laſt:

3 I, and I ſaw him goe to the Senate, and as you ſay, my thinks hee is much altered, and lookes more terrible a great deale.

2 I that ſame lookes I promiſe is an il ſigne, pray God all be well.

4 Well, wee muſt hope the beſt, and thinke tis a great change from a ſubiect to become a ſufficient, for ſimple as I ſtand heere, if I ſhould chaunce to bee choſen Emperour, I ſhould aſſault my ſelfe highly I can tell you, or any of vs all.

3 *Auguſtus* was a goodly man, and I hope hee has left ſuch a gracious ſample, that *Tiberius* wil not forget himſelfe.

1 Neuer talke of *Auguſtus* more, we ſhal neuer ſee his like in Rome, vnleſſe *Germanicus* might bee our Emperour.

Om. O worthy *Germanicus*! hee's a flower indeed.

1 My maiſters, let talk no more of theſe State-matters, for I am afraid we haue ſaid too much already, if the Emperor ſhould know of it.

2 You haue ſaid wiſely neigbour, for Emperors ſee & heare all that they deſire, I haue heard my father tel my mother ſo, they haue millions a Spirits that tels them all.

3 I care

3 I care not, I ſaide nothing, but praide God hee might be no worſe thē *Auguſtus*, that was no harme:
4 Well, let vs part vpon this that hath been ſaid, and lets keepe one anothers counſels, and take heed hereafter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Germaicus with Centurion Soldiers.

Ger. Well followed Tribunes, gallant Gentlemē,
Thus are theſe hearts chac'd to their lurking dens,
That brayed like Aſſes in their Lyons skinne.
Worthy Centurion, thou whoſe might did breake
The triple ranges of our dangerous foes,
Whoſe well wayed buckler tooke ſo many darts,
As ſeem'd to cloud the ſunne with multitudes:
Accept the honour of a Gentleman,
Crown'd with the triumph of victorious ſpoyles,
This Crowne thus pleated of the verdant graſſe,
Thy high vplifted head ſhall more adorne,
Then all the honour of proud Germany.
Centu. Noble *Germanicus* a Romaine heart,
Hath by inheritance a mounting ſpirit,
Did not great *Coriolanus* ſo aduaunce,
The mellow fruite of his old withered ſtocke?
Did not three hundeth *Fabij* all at once,
In one day breath, war, vanquiſh, fight and dye,
All to maintaine the honour of their name?
So did *Marius* in *Numidia*,
And happie *Scylla* vnder *Scipio*.
With what alacritie did *Scenola*,
Encounter *Porſenes* torture, death and fire,
All to maintaine the honour of their name,
And ſhould not I hazard this blaze of life,
This riſing bubble, this impriſoned ſoule,
This changing matter, this inconſtant act,
For Countrie, friends, and honour of my name?

Exeunt.

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord, heere is a Legate ſent from Rome,
Which craues acceſſe vnto your Majeſtie.
Ger. Let him draw neare: Coſen *Aſſinius*!

Enter Aſinius.

Welcome my noble friend to *Germanie*,
Aſin. All happineſſe vnto *Germanicus*,
I haue a ſecret meſſage to impart,
If pleaſe your Grace of priuate patience.
Ger. Tribunes looke to the 4. gates of the Campe
See that the trenches bee inchaneld deepe,
Send out our ſcouts, if they can ſpie the Foe,
Number their Cohorts and their Legions:
Comfort the maimed, burie all the dead,
Refreſh your bodies, for to morrow morne
We meane to ſcoure this vanquiſht region:
away—— *Exeunt.*
Now good *Aſſinius*, tell *Germanicus*
The ſubſtance that your meſſage doth import.
Aſin. Were I not now to ſpeake vnto your Grace
My tongue ſhould play the Rethoritian,
And in graue precepts ſtriue to moralize,
Or make a long diſcourſe of patience,
Adding a crooked ſign'd Parentheſis,
Of puling ſorrow twixt each ſipred line.
But for *Aſinius*, knowes your ſetled minde
So nurſt in flowing ſtreames of conſtancie,
Aſinius doth reporte *Auguſtus* death,
I will not common place of mortall men,
Nor of his vertue, nor his Nobleneſſe,
Nor *Solons* graue aduiſe ſhall be my Theame:
I know I ſpeake vnto *Germanicus*,
Beſides, *Tiberius* is our Emperour.
He ſaith he loues you, and to ſhew his loue,
Hath your proconſulſhip eight yeres prorogu'd.

Enter Centurian which was crowned.

Cent. *Germanicus* and graue *Asinius*,
Awake from counsell, all are in vprore,
Our Germane Legions are all mutinous.
And crie *Germanicus* our Emperour,
Germanicus our noble Emperour.
They make a Throne of tufts, and then they crie,
Germanicus shall be our Emperour.
Germ. A world of cares at once assault my soule
I am distracted, harke, the mutinies.
They crie within, and exeunt omnes.

Enter Tiberius, Iulia, *and* Seianus.

Tib. Impute it not vnto vngratefulnesse,
(Imperious *Augusta* of great Rome,
And which doth touch me nearer dearest mother,
That *Nero* hath deferd indebted thankes,
Equalent vnto your high deserts.
I can not (mother) set your praise to sale,
Or Orator it with a glosing tongue,
Graced with picked phrases, glorious speech,
Choice Synonimies, pleasing Epithites,
Paged bA apish action, toying gesture,
Mother I hate this tip-tongued flatterie,
Better is me, be as you see me now,
Thankfull in outward deeds, than outward shew,
But forward mother with your former tale.
Iulia. No sooner the vncontrolled fates,
Exilde his life, and with his life our care,
But that *Seianus* from whose faithfull tongue,
(As from *Apollos* tru-sent Oracles,
We chiefe deriue the drift of our affaires)
Poasted like to the Palphraies of the Sunne,

To

To Roades where thou in exile didſt remaine,
There to enforme thee of *Auguſtaes* death,
The Empires vacancie, and thy repeale.
Tib. My tongue denies to blazon in harſh words
Deare friends the thaukfulneſſe my heart affords.
Iulia. Meane while had I not with great policie,
Buried in ſilence great *Auguſtus* death,
And in the cloſet of my care-ſworne breſt,
Emboſomed the notice of the ſame,
Shewne vnto thee, ſmoothered to vulgar fame,
Bar'd from the baſe Plebeians itching eares,
A Caſtrell had poſſeſt thy Eagles neſt.
And thou the Eagle hadſt beene diſpoſſeſt.
Scia. But now that Caſtrel in his courſe is ſtopt,
Clipt are his pinions of ambitious flight:
Nor ſhall he hope to ſit where *Nero* ſoares.
Tib. Were he t he iſſue of eternall *Ione*,
Or farre more fortunate in his ſucceſſe,
Then was *Alcides*, or faire *Thetis* ſonne,
More happie in the ofspring of his loyne
Then *Priam* in his childrens multitude,
Yet would I bridle his aſpiring thoughts,
And curbe the reynes of his ambition.
Scia. Wel can he braue it in his barbarous armes,
Againſt th' oppugning force of Germanie,
And ſtranger nations of the fartheſt North,
Whoſe hearts like to their Climate hard congeald,
Are frozen cold to Romes felicitie.
A creſted Burganetto more fits him,
Then to ingirt his Temples with a Crowne.
Tib. Therefore in policie by thine aduiſe,
Vnder pretext of honourable minde,
We deligated to *Germanicus*,
A ſinuus Gallus into Germanie,
With twice foure yeares prorogued Conſulſhip.
Iulia. Which of neceſſitie he muſt accept,

Sith hope of higher honour is foreſtald.
Tiber. Tis true, for what he aim'd at, I enioy:
This was th' attractiue Magnes of his hopes.
Scia. To which how hardly did you ſeeme allur'd
With ſuch denyall you refuſed it:
Making a Commentarie on the Crowne,
With of the duetie of an Emperour,
How warie, watchfull, wiſe he ought to be,
How drowſie, and improuident you were,
With heaping vp a ſtorie of what cares
They vndergoe, that vndertake to rule,
So grac'd with ſundrie ſquemiſh ſubtilties,
As *Mercurie* himſelfe (the God of witte)
Might haue admir'd, but not haue matched it.
Tiber. Yet did that *Argus* eyed *Aſſinius*,
Both marke and bluntly mate me in my drift,
With, chooſe your part my Lord in Britany,
Or hey day, where you will, ſo not in Rome,
but by my Genius ile remember———
Iulia. I, had not wiſe *Aſinius* vttered it.
Tiber. Had me no had-nots, nor *Aſinius*
Can ſo ore cannopie his cloſe conceite,
But I will know the Panther by his skinne.
Nor am I ignorant of his great loue
He beares vnto the proud *Germanicus*,
How euer clowed in hippocriſie.
Scian. I, that *Germanicus* holds al their hearts, (hope
Iuli. No meruaile, for they call him Roomes chiefe
Scia. And ſome did ſay he ſhould be Emperour,
In ſpite of Iulia and hir exild Sonne,
Tiber. But neither *Iulia* nor her exilde Sonne,
Would haue endured ſuch competitors.
Nero will brooke no riuall in his rule,
Vnleſſe it be th' emperious *Iulia*,
To whome the law of nature bindes *Tiberius*
So firme obleiged in obedience,

As all the attributes of Majeſtie,
Rome, or the world, or *Nero* can affoord,
I deeme too meane a tribute for her loue.
Whoſe loue firſt lent the eſſence of my life,
Whoſe life doth onely make me loue to liue.
Iulia. Enough my ſonne.
Sufficient preſidents of dutious minde,
We oft haue proued and approued oft,
And for our part neuer did *Hecuba*
Beare ſo great loue to all the ſonnes ſhe bare,
As *Iulia* doth to one *Tiberius*.
Tib. Mother, I do confeſſe and know it true,
But in the infancie of our eſtate,
More priuate conſultation better fits,
We and *Seianus*, will into our ſtudie.
Iulia. And we into our walking Gallerie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Germanicus ſolus.

Germ. I haue diſpatcht *Aſinius* to Rome,
With thankes to *Nero* and the Senators.
O Roome!
Auguſtus dead, *Tiberius* Emperour,
The Romaine Senate glozing flatterers,
The Legions diſcontent and mutinous:
The Pretors tyrants in their Prouinces:
The Nauie ſpoil'd, vnrig'd diſmembred:
The Cittie made a brothell houſe of ſinne:
Italians valour turn'd to luxurie.
The field of Mars turn'd to a Tennis-court,
Minernaes Oliue to the Mirtle tree,
Appolos Laurell, vnto *Bacchus* Vine,
High *Ione* contemd, and *Veſtaes* Tapers ſcornd
The Oracles diſpis'd, the *Sibills* bookes
Eſteem'd as ſuperſtitious deluſions:
The Orient vp in armes and *Aſia* fled,

The *Gallogretians* proud for to rebell,
Affricke in vprore, *Asia* in braules.
And theſe rude Germaine kernes not yet ſubdued,
Beſides a new deuis'd Religion,
Of the inconſtant Iewes cal'd Chriſtians:
Our ſacred Oracles ſome are ſtroke dumbe,
And ſome fortolde of Romes deſtruction:
Vocall *Boetia* in deepe miſeries,
And *Delphian* glorie in obſcureneſſe lies,
A Geminied *Phœbus*, a three doubled moone,
A whirling Commet, flaſhing in the ayre,
A Wolfe aſcended to the Cappitoll:
The Temple blaſted of fidelitie:
A common Harlet to bring foorth a Beare,
O Gods! my heart doth quake, my ſoule doth feare.

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord, the ſcoutes diſcouered the wood,
Wherein the Germaines doe in ambuſh lie.
Ger. Sirra, goe tell them I will ſcarre the Crowes.
Page. My Lord. *Exit.*
Ger. Boy, trouble not my Meditations,
What ſhould I ſpend my time to ſcarre theſe crowes,
When there's a cole-blacke Rauen pearcht ſo high?
Germanicus, ſoare thou an higher pitch,
Towre like a Larke, and like an Eagle mount,
Till thou haſt ſeaz'd vpon thy pray: for why?
The Legions loue thee, hate *Tiberius*:
Honour thy vertues, ſcorne his cowardiſe,
Extoll thy meekeneſſe, and reuile his pride:
Pray for thy happineſſe and curſſe his daies,
My Father *Caius*: his was *Claudius*,
I am of *Caſar*, he of *Iulia*:
I heire by nature he but by adoption:
Rome ſaw thee honoured, *Rhodes* him banniſhed,

He

He tam'd the Foxes of Illiria,
But I the Lyons of proud Germanie.
And this were cauſe enough, were there no other:
I by *Auguſtus* made, he by his mother.
But thou art heire imperall to the ſtate:
But he that lookes for death may hope to late.
Yet hope *Germanicus*, good hopes a treaſure,
But he that hopes for meate, may ſtarue at pleaſure,
I, but *Tiberius Nero's* verie olde,
But young enough to liue to ſee thee ſold.
I, but he loues thee for *Auguſtus* ſake,
Auguſtus gone, the match is new to make,
But ſince his death, thy power he hath augmented,
I, that at Rome my power might be preuented:
He ſent thee word he loues thee, ſo I thinke:
Who would not loue the wine he meanes to drinke?
He honours thee (he ſaid) and ſo I deeme,
Who would not of the fatteſt Goate eſteeme?
Impatient furie flye Germanicus,
How is thy reaſon dimn'd with clowdie paſſion?
Proud ſwelling dropſie, euer gnawing worme,
Inſatiate vulture, vile ambition,
Deluding Sirene, where's Germanicus?
The Legions loue thee not for to aſpire,
Thy vertue ſhines not in oppreſſion;
No honour in ambitious aray:
No meekenes in a traytors happines,
Thy Father got thee not for to rebell,
Nor *Caeſar* did abet thy treacheries,
By nature heire, then be thou naturall,
Rome ſaw thy honour, change not liuerie,
But make thy harueſt vp in Germanie.

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord the Tribunes ſent me to your grace
To know your royall pleaſure in the caſe.

Germ. What,

Ger: What, haue they chas'd the foe, and I delay?
Runne *Caius*, flie for haſt, away, away.

Enter Caligula at one end of the ſtage, and Seianus at the other end below. Iulia at one end aloft, and Tiberius Nero at the other.

Cal. I am a foole, I am *Caligula*,
Suppos'd and idiot, and am ſo indeed,
For he that will liue ſafe muſt ſeeme a foole.
Iulia. Am not I Empreſſe, and ſhall I be control'd.
Am I *Auguſta*, and ſhall I not rule?
Haue I made him to raigne, and ſhall I ſtoope?
Is he my ſonne, and am not I his mother?
Tiberius thou ſhalt know a womans hate,
Exceedeth bounds, and neuer can haue date.
Tib. How am I Emperour and my mother rule?
Is ſhe the Sunne, ſhall I the ſhadow be?
I but the ſmoake, and ſhall ſhe be the fire?
I but a bare imagination,
And ſhe the image that is honoured?
I but the *echo*, ſhall ſhe be the ſound?
A plague vpon her, I will her confound.
Seia. Thus will I do: nay thus, nay villaine thus
Poiſon *Tiberius*: I but *Germanicus*,
The Emperour and his mother ſeeme to iarre.
Fight Dog, fight Cat, for both your ſports ile marre
But *Nero* loues me: ſo did my mother to,
And yet I brake her necke in honeſtie.
Mother forgiue me, ile doe ſo no more,
Yet if a thouſand mothers necks would ſerue
To get me to be Emperour of Rome.
By heauens I would not leaue one necke aliue,
And to be ſure that they ſhould all be broke,
Ide hire ſome honeſt ioynter them to ſet,
And breake them ouer twentie thouſand times,

And

And for to recompence his worthy paine,
Ide make him ſet his owne nine times againe.
Caligu. I laugh to ſee how I can counterfeite,
And I ſhould bluſh, if that Germanicus,
My father, my diſſembling ſhould beholde
He knowes I am a Soldier, not a foole:
My mother was deliuered in the Campe,
And in my ſwadling cloathes, I chac'd the Foe,
My Cradle was a Corſlet, and for milke
I battened was with blood: and fed ſo faſt
That in ten yeares I was a Collonell.
My mother knew this, but ſhe deemes me chang'd
Poore woman in the loathſome Romiſh ſtewes,
O Mother, I am chang'd: but wherefore ſoe?
Caligula of *Caligula* muſt not knowe.
Iul. Shall I call him a Baſtard? true it is,
But *Iulia*, then thou doo'ſt thy ſelfe the wrong,
Say that he was *Auguſtus* murtherer,
Yet therein *Iulia* thou wert counſeller,
How then? a vengeance on his curſed head,
So he were murther'd would that I were dead.
Vile Monſter that I am, to periſh loath,
Yet heauen's raine brimſtone and conſume vs both,
I am impatient, yet I muſt diſſemble. *Exit Iulia.*
Tiber. She is my Mother, I muſt honour her:
She is my Ladie, I muſt ſhew her duetie:
She is moſt wiſe, worthie of reuerence:
But the hag is moſte ambitious,
Shee muſt haue Prieſtes forſooth, and *Flaminies*,
To ſacrifice vnto her Majeſtie,
She muſt checke *Nero*, I and ſchoole him too;
As he were prentiſe to hir tutorſhip,
She muſt incorporat free Denizens:
Or elſe ſheele ſcold and raile, & ſnarle and bite,
And take vp Nero for his Juſtineſſe.
Well, let her ſcolde, and rayle, and ſnarle and byte,

Nero will manage well the haggard kite,
I will by Ioue, I will, yet I muſt ſeeme
As though my mother I did moſt eſteeme. *Exit Tib.*
Sen. He that wil clime, and aime at honours white,
Muſt be a wheeling turning pollititian:
A changing Proteus, and a ſeeming all,
Yet a diſcoloured Camelion
Fram'd of an ayrie compoſition:
As fickle and vnconſtant as the ayre:
Fit for the Sunne to make a Raine-bow in,
By each new fangled reflection,
Rul'd by the influence of each wandring ſtarre,
Waxe apt to take each new impreſſion.
With wiſemen ſober, with licencious, light:
With proud men ſtately, humble with the meeke:
With old men thirſtie, and with young men vaine:
With angrie, furious, and with mild men calme:
Humerous with one, and *Cato* with another:
Effeminate with ſome, with other chaſte,
Drink with the Germain, with the Spaniard braue:
Brag with the French, with the Ægiptian lie,
Flatter in Creet, and fawne in Græcia.
This is the way, *Seianus* vſe thy skill,
Or this, or no way muſt thou get thy will.
If thou dooſt meane the Empire to obtaine,
Sweare, flatter, lye, diſſemble, cog & faine *Exit Se.*
Caligu. *Caligula*, why doth thy ſlumbring ſoule,
Thus dreame within thy common ſences manſion?
Awake for ſhame, flye to Germanicus,
Ring in thy Fathers eares a peale of ſorrow,
Vncaſe this follye, and vnmaske this face,
That hath enueloped *Caligula*.
But ſee my mother, *Agripina* comes
With valiant *Druſus*, and *Nero* my wiſe brother,
Caligula's now a Foole, in faith no other. *Manet.*

Enter

Enter Agripina with her two Sonnes, Druſus and Nero.

Agr. Why then my Sons, *Tiber.* weares the crown:
Dru. I mother, and hee ſweares heele keepe it too.
Ner. Ger. And reaſon brother hath he ſo to doe.
Dru. What reaſon brother hath he but his will?
Nero. Will may be reaſon, if heele keepe it ſtill.
Druſ. And ſhall he raigne? a baſe Plebeian.
Ner. He was adopted a Patritian.
Druſ. So may I chooſe my horſe to be my Page.
Nero. Good brother calme your furious ſwelling (rage,
We gaue our voices in his election,
nay Brother ſtorme not, here me what I ſay,
Did not we ſweare loyall fidelitie,
within the Capitoll vnto his grace?
Did we not both at Veſtaes ſacred ſhrine,
Pray for the ſafetie of his Majeſtie?
And wilt thou *Druſus* now recall thy oath,
Recall thy vowes, recall thy prayers inſence?
Remember *Druſus*, what ſo ere he be,
Now he is crown'd al's paſt recouerie. (you know
Dru. Crown'd, I, and may be diſcrown'd for ought
How ſay you mother, may it not be ſo?
Cal. This ti's to be reſolu'd my gallāt Brother. *a far*
How hardly can I my affections ſmother? *off.*
Agrip. Young Impes of honour, in you both I finde
A noble way to vertuous reſolution:
In thee my *Nero*, wiſdomes treaſurie:
In thee my *Druſus*, magnanimitie,
In both, your fathers honorable minde.
Speake faire my Sons (awhile) vnto *Tiberius*,
Vntill the tryumph of Germanicus:
Then be reſolu'd———
The cauſe is honorable, feare no ill.
But Oh my Sonnes! yonder's *Caligula*
Capring: he takes no heede of higher thinges,

Ile call him hether, and see what he saies:
Caligula, come hether gentle Sonne,
How dooſt thou like the great *Tiberius*?

Cal. Faith hee's a braue man Mother, and his parrell is fit, and he has a fine Crowne of golde, and all this makes him but a braue mā, for what would you haue in a braue man but he may haue it?

Agrip. Well, well my Sonne, youle neuer leaue your toies.

Calig. Why Mother, he can turne aboue ground, turne on the toe, turne euerie way, what ſhould I ſay more?
By heauen a braue man.

Nero. And what can you doe Brother, let vs ſee?

Cal. Faith Brother I am not in the humour, and braue men can doe nothing without it bee in an humour.

Druſ. Come let vs leaue this humorous Gentlemā.

Agrip. Farwell *Caligula*.

Exeunt. Agr. Druſ. & Nero

Caligu. I, I warrant you, for ile ſup at Court to night.
Farewell Mother, bretheren both farewel,
Whome I admire in ſuch deuotion:
But dare not truſt. *Druſus* I know thee well,
And loue thee dearely, for thy high reſolues,
But dare not truſt thee. *Nero* I applaud
Thy wiſdome, but it wants a reſolution.
Nero and *Druſus*, beware the braine-ſicke foole
Caligula, ſet you not both to Schoole. *Exit.*

Enter Iulia, Tiberius, and Seianus.

Iulia. Heard ye not with what generall applauſe,
Aſinius was welcomned to Rome?
At his returne from barbarous Germany,
How many greedie eares did glut themſelues,

With

With hearing newes of their Germanicus ?
How many greedy tongues in labour were,
To blazen foorth the trophees of his praiſe ?
Tiber. Not *Priams Hector* from the flying Greeks,
Whome he had chaſed from the Terrhene ſhore,
Return'd with greater expectation,
Then laden with the ſpoiles of Germaine foes,
The people long to ſee Germanicus.
Seia. Not onely the Plebeians, but the Equites,
Do reuerence him within their inward thoughts,
as if the Vaſſaile were a demie God.
Tiber. And rightly marry, for if *Nero* liue,
Nero ſhall deifie him to the full.
Seia. But if you ſuffer him on honors wings,
To ſoare vp higher in ambitious flight,
Borne on the tempeſt of the peoples tongues:
Tis tenne to one, heele neuer ſtoope to lure,
To keepe him ſhort, is onely to be ſure.
Iulia. Let vs commaund him, vpon paine of death,
Not to approach within our cittie walles,
But either to diſmiſſe his Soldiers,
Or on the plaines pitch his Pauillions.
Tiber. No marry mother, not for all the world,
Why? it were omminous: Romes walles engirt,
With armed garriſons of greateſt foes,
Vnpolitiquely counſel'd in my minde,
Adminiſtring too fit occaſion,
For to ſuſpect and feare a foule pretence.
And further, that the baſe *Plebeians*,
As wauering, and inconſtant in their loues,
as is thee changing Laconiades:
Who hearing but a muttering of our driftes,
Would like a world of riuer, to the maine,
Flow to Germanicus by multitudes,
Whoſe ſwelling pride, by their repaire encreaſe,
Will ouerflow the bankes of loyaltie.

Mother this was but ſhallow pollicie,
But who'ſt that interrups our conference?

Enter Piſo from Armenia.

Seia. It's *Lucius Piſo*, Pretor of *Sirria*.
Tiber. Welcome to Rome, and olde *Tiberius*.
What newes in Sirria, and Armenia?
With all our Orientall Prouinces:
Piſ. Peace hath reſign'd her rome to bloody warre,
Whilſt *Mars* the furie-breathing God of armes,
Knits vp his ſore-head in a fearefull frowne
And in the furrowes of his foulded browes,
Diſplaies the ſable Enſigne of ſad death,
Vpon the ſpacious Armenian plaines,
And all the orient in rebellious pride,
(Threatning deſtruction, to our weſterne world)
Doe ſeeme to challenge vs in daring armes.
Tiber. Who is the Head in this rebellion?
Piſ. The cheife controler of theſe warlicke troups
Is vncontrold Vonones on whoſe Creſt:
Victorie ſeemes to daunce among his plumes,
His Burgonet and ſteele Habergeon,
Of bloody colour like vnto his minde,
Of viſage ſterne, broad brow'd, and hollow ey'd,
Looking as though he did compriſe the world,
Within the complot of ſome ſtratagem.
Tiber. Ha! what, ſo ſoone Armenia vp in armes,
Haſt thou forgot thy wonted ſeruitude?
Are Romanes vertues and their vigor done?
Or dead with *Silla* that firſt conquered thee?
Are all the ſtripes that ſtrong *Lucullus* gaue,
Vnto thy neighbour Pontus and thy ſelfe,
Quite healed vp, without offenſiue ſcarre?
are mightie Pompeies Tropheis quite forgot?
Well, be it ſo: they blow rebellious flame,

And

And they ſhall feele the furie of the ſame,
Meane while, returne thou *Piſo* to thy lodging,
Till fit occaſion to employ thee hence. *Exit. Piſo*
Sext. How likes your Maieſtie this woful newes?
Iu. Like enough, he miſliketh it enough.
Might *Iulia* counſell him, he ſhould reuenge it,
with more extreamitie of puniſhment,
Then angrie Ioue raign'd from the vault of heauen
Vpon his Throne oppugning Briaris.
Tibe. I, ſoft: nd faire, firſt ſtop our teares at home,
Then let Armenia feele the force of Rome.
Sex. Good counſaile, great *Tiberius*, knew we how.
Tiber. How? what are all our pollicies extinct?
Noe, be attentiue and ile tell thee how,
The head-ſpring ſtopt the ſmaller founts will faile.
and thus our home bred feare Germanici,
Grounding their hopes vpon their fathers haps,
Take from his life their lights continuance,
His life therefore extinct, their light is done.
Iul. This is the thing that we conſulted off,
But to no purpoſe yet.
Tibe. Yes Mother yes,
By this occaſion of the Armenian wars,
an opportunitie is offered vs,
Both to reuenge and rid vs of our foes.
This Vſurer of fame Germanicus,
(Who gapes as greedily for faire renowne,
As doth a niggard for a ſhowre of golde.)
No ſooner ſhall returne to Rome,
Grac'd with the tryumphes of his victories,
But by my pollicie, and faire pretext,
We will conclude it in the Senate houſe,
That for the ſafetie of Romes tottering ſtate,
Germanicus muſt to Armenia,
Where hee ſhall fall by fierce Vonon.s ſword,
Or if he ſcape, weele ſo determine it,

As

As Ioue to Saturne, ſhall reſigne his Throane,
and baniſht from the Speare, where now he raignes,
Humble himſelfe, below the horned Moone,
Before he ſhall returne to viſite Rome.

Enter Druſus, Liuia, and Spado.

Druſ. Tiber: The Gods preſerue your royall Ma-(ieſtie
Tibe. Good day vnto you Sonne and Liuia
Iulia. Haue you attended long our comming forth?
Liuia: Not verie long my gracious Grandmother,
But hearing you were in cloſe conference,
It had beene rudeneſſe to haue interrupted yee.
Tiber. We were indeede in conſultation,
about affaires of ſpeciall ſecrecie,
But where ſore-lookes our Sonne ſo ſad this morne?
Druſ. *Tiber.* Hath not the clang of harſh *Armenian* troupes
The rating ſound of Clarions & Drums,
Thundred into your eares a deepe reuenge?
The Orient doth ſhine in warlike ſteele,
and bloody ſtreamers waued in the ayre,
By their reflexions die the plaines in red,
as omminous vnto diſtructiue wars,
as are the blazing Commets in the Eaſt.
Tiberi: We haue both heard, and eke conſulted of
The whole effect: of which our conference,
VVe ſhall at fitter time relate to thee
Meane while lets make our preparation,
againſt th' arriuall of Germanicus,
VVho meanes to morrow for to Royalize,
The triumphes of his Germaine victories.

Exeunt Tiberius, Iulia, and Druſus

Manet Seianus & Liuia, & Spado.

Seian. Madame, a word with your good Ladiſhip.
Liui. So pleaſe it your good Lordſhip, ſo ye may.

Seia. But

Seian. But ſhall I ſpeake my mind without cõtrol?
Liuia. I haue no pattent to controll you ſir.
Seian. But will ye not be angry if I doe?
Liui. That's as your ſelfe ſhal giue me cauſe therto
Seia. But ſay my tung ſhould fault before I find it?
Liuia. If lightly I would paſſe it, and not mind it.
Seia. What if I ſhould offend with hearts aſſent?
Liuia. The offence ſhuld pardoned be if you repẽt
Seia: Thinketh my Lady as ſhe ſayth to me?
Liuia. No other wayes my Lord. But well I ſee
By theſe your long circomlocutions,
Your buſineſſe is of ſmall import with me.
Seia. Of more import (ſweet Lady) then my life.
Liuia. A matter of more waight then I muſt know.
Seia. Yet muſt you know it or I muſt not be.
Liuia. Can *Liuia* then impart a remedie?
Seia. I, if ſhe pleaſe to ſalue my maladie.
Liuia. What ſalue ſhould *Liuia* to your ſore apply?
Seia. Pitties quinteſence, and ſoft clemencie.
Liuia. Strange ſore, ſtrange ſalue.
Seian. Yet not ſo ſtrange as true.
Liuia. I pittie it: God ſend you eaſe. adue.
Seia. Yet heare me gentle Lady ere you part,
To tel my paine doth ſomewhat eaſe my heart,
And to be graced with attentiue heede,
To Louers doth eſpeciall comfort breede.
Liuia. Then is my Lord a Louer?
Seian. You haue read.
Liuia. How wonderfully metamorphoſed?
Seian. More wonders can ſhe worke that wrought my baue,
Able to change the chaſteſt vtican.
Liuia. What, is your Goddeſſe then a Sorcereſſe?
Seian. The firſt, but then the latter nothing leſſe.
Liuia. You ſaid ſhe vſed charming ſorceries:
Seia. Onely the inchantments of her Criſtall eies,
Which had they glaunced on enamoured *Ioue*,

While Io liu'd *Ioue*, would haue beg'd her loue,
and ſpite of *Iuno*, *Hebe* and *Ganimede*,
She onely ſhould haue grac'd Theatates bed,
Liu. Pearelesſe belike, and fit to be a Cowe,
Farewell *Seianus*, I muſt leaue ye nowe.
Seia. Deare Madam, one word more, and then far-
Liu. Be briefe Seianus then. (wel
Seia. Beauties faire cell,
The heauenly Panomphea of our daies.
Liu. Nay, then I am gone, if you begin to praiſe.
Seia. By theſe bright ſhining Tapers thy faire eies
The guiding Planets of *Seianus* life,
Which beautifie the heauen of thy face,
With farre more glorious admiration,
Then chaſt *Dictinna* or *Latonaes* Sonne,
But one word more (deare ſoule) and I haue done,
By this faire braunch, ſprouted from fairer tree,
Enamuled with Azure Riuerets,
Blew coloured vaines, which euerie waies diſper'ſt,
In kinde embraces clip thy tender hand.
Liui. Villaine, let goe, gripe not my hand ſo hard.
Seia. How can I choſe, ſith you do gripe my heart?
Liu. Let goe my hand, or I will haue thy head.
I gripe thy heart villaine as thou art!
Sei. I, in your louely, but obdurate breſt.
Liu. In my breſt! though it were there indeede,
I would vnrip my breaſt, and teare it out.
Seia. Yet for your ſelues ſweet ſake to ſelf be kinde
Soe faire a frame holdes not ſo foule a minde.
But Madame, leauing off this angrie moode,
In ſadneſſe would you graunt, if you were woo'd.
Liui. Blaſt not my name with luſtfull infamie,
For if thou do, by heauen I wil——*She pulsh his rapier*
Seia. Lady, theſe handes were neuer made to brā-
diſh ſteele.
Li. Could I but get it, thou ſhould'ſt quickly feele.
Seia. Fye

Sei. Fye Lady, fye, what turn'd a Soldier?
If you be ſo reſolu'd, let this be war. *He kiſſeth her.*
Liu. Vnciuilie, by violence! *Spado* I am wrong'd.
Sp. By Ioue, or aske forgiuenes for thy fault,
Or I wil ſheath my Rapier in thy heart. *Sp. draweth.*
Sei. Put vp, put vp, Pigmy hold, I ſay put vp:
Seianus giueth Spado his purſſe.
What wilt thou kill thy Ladies parramour?
Liu. Leaden reſolued coward, let me ſee't,
I will phlebotomize his luſtfull blood.
She taketh the Rapier.
Sei. That haue ye done alreadie by your ſpight,
And now accept this ſacrifice. *He ſwoundeth.*
Spa. O cruell plight!
Liu. Yet will I breath another life into him,
Or burie him within this Sepulcher:
Spado, helpe, helpe, for Gods ſake holde his head,
See how the teares congealed in his eyes,
Doe make me ſee my ſhame that was vnkinde,
Good gentle heart, I ſhould haue pardoned him.
Sei. Faire *Proſerpine*
I am a Louer.——
Liuia. See how his idle ſoule,
Not quite diſſeuered from his Arteries,
Makes him dreame vainely of Elizium:
Seianus:
Sei. Who cal's that name, *He liftes himſelfe vp, &*
The verie index of al miſery? *Liuia flyeth backe.*
Liui. I am a ſhamed for I was too nigh.
Sei. Ah Lady, I did dreame that you did grant me
Liu. What ſhall I ſay? words faile me to deny him,
Seianus dreame thou ſtill that I did graunt——
Sei. But dreames without effectes bee but vaine hopes.
Liuia. No more was your's, yet dreame you ſtil in hope.

Seia. But ſhall my hopes ſucceede?
Liu. I will not promiſe.
Seia. But performe indeed. *Exit Liuia & Spado.*
Manet Seianus ſolus.
Seia. Wrong me not ſhallow Pollititians,
By miſinterpreting my actions:
A farther reach is in Seianus head,
Then to adulterate a Princes bed.
Not luſt, nor loue, but hate and iniurie,
Inſpire me with profounder pollicie.
Vnder this vale of loue inuelloped,
Tis not a kiſſe: an Empire tis I ſeeke,
An opportunitie to claime the crowne,
And fit occaſion to wreake reuenge,
Vpon her huſband for his iniuries.
Druſus, the boxe on the eare thou gaue'ſt me,
Becomes the Prologue of thy Tragedie.
Meane while, let this ſuffice: for my intent
Is onely for to loue this inſtrument,
As did *Vliſſes*, *Troyes Paladium*,
Not for it ſelfe, but Troyes deſtruction.
But whiſt *Seianus* priſon vp thy tongue,
Now to the tryumphes, I haue ſtaid too long.

Enter Germanicus in Tryumph with the Arch-flamines before him, Tiberius on his right hand, Aſinius and Sabinus: next Iulia, Agrippina, and Liuia, then Nero, Druſus and Caligula, Germanici: then Seianus and other Senators, then the Captaines of Germanicus with his Soldiers and Priſoners: they crowne him with Crownes and Garlands according to the Cuſtome, and all crie.

Omnes. Long liue victorious Germanicus,
In glory Royallize.

Ner. Archſt. Noble

Ner. Archſla. Noble Germanicus, whoſe winged
Swift glyding through the frozen Germany, (fame,
Hath brought vs newes of thy faire victories,
Thou that doeſt equalize in honors Titles,
The elder Scipio, noble Affrican,
And younger Scipio Aſiaticus,
Paulus Emilius of proud Macedon,
Flaminiaes conqueſt, and Metellus glorie:
Old Fabius wiſdome and Marcellus furie,
Renowned Gracchus, gallant reſolution,
Braue man at armes vnfold thy Victories,
Which heauens themſelues do ſeeme to ſolemnize.
Ger. Firſt to the Gods the Authors of my good,
I ſacrifice the inſence of my thankes.
Next vnto you my Lord imperiall,
I wiſh eternitie of happineſſe.
All you that weare the ſnowie liuerie,
Of long experience worthie Senators:
And you the flowring bloſſomes of faire Rome,
My verie eſſence, valiant Soldiers all
Louing Quirites, loyall countriemen,
Faire Ladies, mirrors of the amazed world,
Embeliſhed with royall chaſtitie;
In all the circuite of my humble vowes,
I offer vp to *Ioues* protection.
Since firſt my Lords I entred Germanie,
The fertile ſoile of baſe Rebellion,
Our Eagles twice nine times haue been diſplaid,
And twice nine times with Tropheis honored.
The barbarous Marſhes on the ſoutherne ſide,
Hailde downe three furious ſtormes of poyſoned (darts
Not Cicas torture bloody Scithian:
Nor Craſſus ſcourge, diſembling Partheans,
Did euer rage in ſuch tempeſtious ſhowres,
But by the proweſſe of our valiant Knights,
Who all alighted from their furious ſteedes,

We ſtil'd the hiſſing of theſe poyſonous Snakes,
Which all the neighbour countrie ſtinges to death,
Omnes. Long liue the valiant Germanicus.
Ger. But on the northerne ſide of Germany,
Whereas th' Vſipites kept the plaine,
Impalled in a wilderneſſe of wood,
V Val'd with a rockie mountaine in the Eaſt,
Back't with the ſea vppon the northerne Coaſt,
Enchannel'd with a deepe intrenched meere.
Betwixt our Legions on the Southerne ſide,
Theſe mew'd-vp Foxes in this Stratagem,
Derided all our Legions braueries.
Foure times with all our power we gaue aſſault,
To winne the paſſage of that daungerous meere,
Foure times repulſed by the quaking ground,
That trembling durſt not beare our Soldiers.
At length when Cinthia's borrowed waining light
Repai'd the eſſence of her brothers lampe,
Behinde the low deſending of the hill,
I ſaw the Ocean farre rebattered,
As when the elder African in Spaine,
by ebbing Thetis ſcarred Carthage walles,
So by the flying backward of the maine,
The Foxes on the backe I ſaw engirt,
That thankes to Neptune for his clemencie,
They all adorne our royall victorie.
Omnes. Long liue the valiant Germanicus.
Ger. Next to th' Vſipetes were incamp't,
The Tubants honering on the Mountaines ſide,
That if our Legions approach't the hill,
They roule downe rocks of ſtone to murther them.
Vpon the hanging of the ſteepie Clift,
There was by nature plac'd a little groue,
But ſurely guarded for the Druides,
To ſolemnize their humane ſacrifice,
As in the ſecond cruell punick warre,

The tents of *Siphax*, and of *Hasdruball*,
Were all enflam'd by noble *Scipio*,
So by the burning of this little groue,
The mountaine quite consu'md where Tubants lay,
And they became our triumphs goodly pray:
But in the wood that borders on the mount,
The cruell Tigers hid their damned heads:
The sauage *Agriuarij* kept their den,
Who ranging now & thē would snatch their pray,
Renting each ioynt, disseuering each part,
And neuer leaue till they had found the hart.
Not *Massagetes* were so cruell calld,
Nor Babilon was ere so strongly walld:
For since *Vsipetes* last confusion,
They made the sea a moate vnto the wood,
That great *Alcides* would haue wondered,
To see this Iland so enuironed.
Hard by the Southerne frontire of the wood,
Danubiaes streames swelling in proud disdaine,
Vnto the checker of the Ocean,
Muttering repaid his tributarie due.
There did I make my skilfull Pioners
To cut a trench from great Danubius,
That this new sea which walled in the wood,
Was now the graue of their perdition.
For when Danubiaes streames did meet the maine,
The sauage *Agriuarij* all were drown'd,
But such as swam to vs we would not sleay,
That they might grace the honour of our day.
Omnes. Long liue Victorious Germanicus,
Ger. Twice did we meet the Buckstars in the field,
And fortie thousand quite were vanquished
Of stiff-neckt *Chatti*, neuer yet contrould,
An hundred thousand perisht in one field,
Not *Cannas* nor the fields of *Pharsalie*:
So died in blood as was Danubius.

And

And which my priuate ioy doth more obtaine,
Of all the Romanes were but ninetie ſlaine.
This is the Theater of Germanie,
And theſe the countries which I conquered,
Now worthie Emperour I made a vow,
To dedicate my ſword to *Ioues* protection.
If't pleaſe your Maieſtie for to aſcend,
Vnto the Senate where *Germanicus*,
Will all the ſecrets more at large diſcloſe:
Meane-while my followers I you diſmiſſe,
Exeunt the ſouldiers.
And al my gracious friends with thanks I leaue,
Vntil our Country-rights we doe performe,
Which done, *Germanicus* will ſoone returne.
Omnes, Long liue the valiant *Germanicus*:
Long liue *Victorious Germanicus*.

Exeunt all in order to the Senate at one doore. Iulia Agripina, Liuia, and Caligula, at the other. Manet Nero, and Druſus Germanici.

Nero. *Druſus* if you had beene ſo valerous
As ouer-boaſting in thy bumbaſt tearmes,
We might haue ſeald our league of amitie,
Now with *Tiberius* colde congealed blood.
Druſus. And if thy bookiſh wiſdome clarkly Art,
had armed beene with Romane reſolution,
I tell thee *Nero* Coward as thou art,
Tiberius ſhould not thus haue ſcapt our hands,
By Ioue my father was his coat of ſteale,
Plac'd betwixt my ſword and him, or els——
Nero. Or els thou would'ſt haue ſworne,
Volumes of ſixfoote othes, but nere a blow.
Dru. No more, my father comes.
Nero. Coward, I doe retort it in thy teeth.
Dru. Why *Nero*, brother, are ye mad?

Enter

Enter Tiberius *and* Germanicus, *Nerua*, Sabinus, *Asinius*, Scianus, *Piso*, *with other* Senatours *from the* Senate.

Tib. I hope this ſodaine buſineſſe of the Eaſt,
Doth not agrate our ſonne Germanicus.
Ger. My Lord the honour of my Countries cauſe,
doth counterpoize my ſad affections.
Tib. Farewell my honourable gallant ſonne,
The hope of Rome, my deare Germanicus,
Piſo farewell, remember well thy duetie,
Once more adue my deare Germanicus,
Scia. My Lord Germanicus the heauens conduct,
Your high reſolues to happie victorie.

Exeunt Tiberius, Scianus, *and Piſo.*

Ger. Thanks good *Scianus*, gentle friend farewel,
Nerua. My Lord Germanicus I much lament,
The ſtrong rebellion of the Orient,
My heart preſageth what I dare not ſay,
Farewell Germanicus for now I dare not ſtay.
And yet I will: ah deare Germanicus!
How doth old *Nerua* wiſh thy companie?
And but my honour doth controule my will,
I would Germanicus——farewel, farewel.
Ger. Nay good *Cocceius*, ſtay a little while,
To heare, the laſt perchance I ere ſhall tell thee,
So variable is the chaunce of warre.
Vnto you three the patrones of my life,
Nerua, Sabinus, and *Asinius*,
Vnto your patronage I recommend,
My Orphant children, and my widow wife,
Faire *Agripina*.
No more my Lord, let heauens tell the reſt,
Remember your true friend Germanicus.

They embrace, and ſo part.

Exit Cocceius, and enter Piſo.

Pis. My Lord 'twere time your buſines were diſ-
patcht,
Th iorney craues great expedition,
and date of your abode is wellnigh out.
Ger. Nor ought you to extenuate the ſame,
What though the Senate hath decreed it ſo,
Germanicus ſhould giue adiew to Rome,
Before to morrowes Sunne ſalute the world,
Yet haue I ſome time to remaine therein,
Which being ſmall, that ſmall ſpace let me ſpend,
To ſatisfie mine eyes with gazing on't,
Who for theſe many winters haue deſir'd,
(Although in vaine) to reſalute this place,
and now no ſooner reſalute the ſame,
But am conſtrained to bid it adiew,
It may be neuer to returne againe.
Piſ. It may be? nay thats ſure *Speaking aſide.*
The Senate hath decree'd, and it muſt be,
There's no reſiſting of neceſſitie.
Ger. Yet gentle Piſo, ſuffer me to grieue,
If at nought elſe, yet at neceſſitie,
Too ſtrickt for ouertoylde Germanicus,
Whoſe wearie limmes, require a longer reſt
Then is one daies ſhort intermiſſion.
Yet were it Piſo but an houres ſpace,
Were all my bodie bruſ'd with bearing armes,
Yet would Germanicus beare it as he may,
and rather ſinke vnder his armours weight,
Then leaue to weare it in defence of Rome,
To whome though Rome for harbour be deny'd,
Yet hath he roome in all the world beſide:
Onely this reſpite, and I craue no more,
To giue my wife and Sonnes their laſt farwell.
Pi. You may, & I wil cal thē preſently.
Enter Nero and Druſus.
Ger. Do Piſo & be honoured for this fauour.

But ſee thy ſonnes Germanicus, thy ſonnes,
Declaring by their angrie clowded frownes,
Some ciuill diſcord, or ſome diſcontents,
For ſhame my boyes, if ſo a Fathers power,
May haue predominance in ſonnes diſſent,
Cleare vp thoſe clowdie vapors of your browes,
That threaten ſtormes of dreadfull diſcontent.
Leaue off your ouer-daring menacies,
and tell the cauſe of your diſſention,
Tell me, for I ought, muſt, and will know.
Ner. Onely this (father) caus'd our controuerſie,
Going to the Capitoll to the Tryumph,
VVe ſaw a Kite vſurpe the Eagles place,
Wherat' enrag'd, we caſt our Falcons off,
and for mine, was not of ſuch ſpeedy flight
as was my Brothers, he began to chafe.
Druſ. Patience herſelfe I thinke would be enrag'd,
To ſee a man ſo faintly Faulconer it.
For Father, had my Brother done his beſt,
VVe might haue taken downe the Haggard Kite.
Ger. VVhat, for ſo ſmall a matter fall at oddes?
Fie, neuer violate true Brothers loue
By furious rages and diſſentious Iarres:
It not befits your title, nor theſe times,
Sad time wherein (perhaps) my laſt farwell,
Is to be taken of my deareſt Sonnes,
Whom, if I leaue diſtract in factious hate,
How can I hope to bid you once farwell,
Since faring as I ſee, you fare but ill?
My time of reſidence is ſhort in Rome,
and yet too long, if long you diſagree,
Be reconciled therfore to your ſelues,
ſhake hands, embrace, be friendes, forget, forgiue:
why ſo my Sonnes, thus ſhould kind Brothers liue.
Now is my heart, disburthened of great care,
To ſee you my deare Sonnes accord ſo well,

And though I straight muſt part, take this fare ell
left with you as my teſtimoniall will.
Helpe, honour, cherriſh, loue each other ſtill,
And thinke how oft you breake your amitie,
So oft you act your fathers Tragedie.

Enter Caligula with a Racket and Tennis-ball in his hand.

Calig. Now a Gods name giue me a hand Ball,
For that a man may toſſe againſt the wall,
Now vp, now downe, now ſlie, now fall,
Yet hath no danger therewith all.
Come brother, will you play a ſet?

Germ. Croſſe to my comfort, & thy fathers grief
Why dooſt thou ſtill continew in theſe fits?
What frantique humor hath bereft thy wits?
Caſt downe *Caligula*, caſt downe thy ball. (away

Cali. Nay by Ladie Father, nay firſt take my life
Take vp my ball, lay downe my Ball, tuſh, tuſh,
To tennis with an Emperor is not worth a ruſh.
Where's neuer a ſtroake but all in hazard plaide.
No Father, ile doe with it as poore men doe
With great mens iniuries, put it vp till time ſerue.

Ger. Yet now at length, ceaſe to torment my ſoule
More ſcourg'd with ſorrow to behold thee thus,
Then Priam was to ſee his Illion burne.
Oh ſpeake like to thy ſelfe, ſpeake to my ioy,
More ioy vnto ioy-rob'd Germanicus,
Then was the Lidian *Creſſus* dombe borne Sonne,
Stopping his Fathers execution.

Calig. Not for the world father, pardon me: no, no.
What? play the blab before ſuch company?

Ger. What company's heere, onely but we three.

Cali. Mary too many ſir, by he, and he.

Ger. Sonnes ſtand aſide, while we confer together

Cali. Nay far enough, we neede no counſellors.

Ger. Not

Ger. Not on my bleſſing till our talke be done.
Cal. Then father loe, your Metamorphiz'd ſonne,
Changed in wit, and in condition chang'd,
Whoſe hellish fit hath left at length to rage,
And plague my ſenſes with a lunacie,
Which hath made me to be eſteem'd a foole,
And ſo I am, and deeme it beſt be ſo:
For he that would liue ſafe in brutiſh Rome,
Father, a fooliſh *Brutus* muſt become.
Ne blame me father, nor vpbraid me for't,
His was by policie, mine by extacie,
Which takes me euermore in companie.
Nor (but coniured by your reuerend commaund)
Could I haue halfe abſtained from it thus.
Ger. The ſtrangeſt fit that euer I haue knowne.
Which how er'e ſtrong, yet ſtriue to bridle it,
Once giue repulſe and you the conqueſt get,
But time cuts off our talke, my glaſſe is runne,
And date of my abode is almoſt done,
Say therefore how doth *Agripina* fare?
What makes her ſtay? how brookes ſhe my depart?
Cal. Briefly to ſay (my Lord) with an ill heart,
For *Lucius Piſo* with this balefull newes,
No ſooner gaue her notice of your ſtate,
And ſuddaine expedition to the Eaſt,
But as if ſome *Torpedo* had her toucht,
A numming ſlumber rockt her ſenſe aſleepe,
And in a ſwound fell downe betweene mine armes:
Then ſcarce remembring how or where ſhe was,
She lockt her winding armes about my necke,
And thinking me to be Germanicus,
She ſeald a thouſand kiſſes on my lippes,
Each being ſteeped in a ſtream of teares:
And then ſhe ſighes and ſtraight begins to frowne,
Thriſe ſhe diſioynd the cherries of her lips
As if ſhe meant to ſpeake, and thriſe ſhe ſpake.

Her voyce ſeem'd dead in labour with her words,
And onely rendered an abbortiue ſound,
Till thrice recall'd at length recouered,
She ſighed forth, ah deare Germanicus!
And wilt thou then ſo ſoone? What more ſhe ſaid,
Drown'd in the fluent Ocean of her teares,
Graſped a period to her abrupt ſpeech.

Ger. Ah me! and doth ſhe ſtill continue thus?

Cal. Not now my Lord: for when as this was done,
She wackt out of her ſlumbring extaſie,
Receyuing refruition of her ſenſes,
And then ſhe bluſht, and ſight, to ſee her errour,
And gan to frame excuſes for her fault,
Promiſing ſpeedily to come to you.

Enter Piſo and Agripina.

Ger. And here ſhe comes. My deare *Agripina*:

Agri. Moſt deare *Germanicus*.

Nero. Ah! ſee how th' extremitie of loyall loue,
Surceedes in paſſions of affection,
as it denieth paſſage to their ſpeech.

Dr. Curſt be the authors through whoſe occaſion
Happes the diſſeuering of ſo ſweet an vnion.

Nero. Faine would ſhe bid him ſtay, faine ſay fare-well,
But feare and loue amaze her in miſdoubt:
She doubts to ſtay him, fearing to offend him,
She loues too well, too willingly to leaue him:

Ger. Enforct, I doome the ſentence of my death,
For can I liue if parted from my loue
That art both eſſence of my loue and life?
Enforc'd? I: yet not I, it is my tongue,
Ore-ruld by too ſtrict times neceſſitie,
makes me pronounce this loathed word, farewell.

Agri. Ill fare that word farewell, ſince by farewell
I fare ſo ill: then bid me not farewell:
Yet wiſh I not thy ſtay my deareſt Lord,

But

But that you would aſſent to one petition.
Be not inquiſitiue, ſpeake not at all,
Vnleſſe when as you ſpeake, you ſay I ſhal.
Ger. I ſhall my deareſt deare, if ſo you ſhall
aske onely what ſhall be conuenient,
and indiſparageable vnto our good:
Which for I doubt not ſpeake I giue conſent.
Agri. Then in thy little leſſe then baniſhment,
Refuſe me not for thy companion,
and this with teares I beg for ratified:
Reuoke not what is promis'd, nor excuſe
With arguments drawne from my ſexe and life,
Too weak too feeble, and vnfit for warre,
Or by relating all the miſeries,
Long trauels, dangerous toyles, misfortunes, wants;
For all the ills that iſſue out of warre,
I haue them paſt, or paſſe not what they are.
Witneſſe this liuely Image of thy ſelfe,
Of whom I was deliuered in the cumpe,
Bellona was my Midwife, and my paines
Were eaſed by the ayer-renting ſounds,
Of warlike Sackbuts, Clarions, and Drums.
Ger. Thy loue doth make a wanton of thy leaue;
and through extremitie of paſſion,
You make me halfe to feare you leaue to loue:
Pardon me *Agrippina*, if my loue
through feare to looſe my loue, doth loue to feare,
For life takes life from loue, loue growes from fear,
Feare to diſlike, feare to be faithleſſe proou'd:
Feare for to looſe himſelfe from his beſt belou'd,
This fearing loue, and louing fearefulneſſe,
Doth bind my heart, and priſon vp my tongue:
Why wouldſt thou this? I know thou wouldſt it not;
From ſtately Rome vnto the Suns ariſe,
So many miles, ſo many miſchiefs lies:
Where ſhouldſt thou hapleſſe me accompanie,

The

The miſchiefe were redoubled, and one houre,
Perhaps ſhould cauſe me die a double death.
Once in my ſelfe, and ten times more in thee,
Yet wouldſt thou this? I know thou wouldſt it not.
Agr. Ay me, my Lord, your word controls my wil.
Ger. Time intercepts my time, adieu,
Deare *Agripina* once againe adieu.
Piſo. The time is now expired of our ſtay,
And therefore you muſt either now agree,
Or Madam gainſt your will he muſt depart,
For my part I will preſently depart.
Agri. Ah! ſtay a little while and I haue done. (wel
Ger. Madam, for all the world I dare not: fare yee
Agri. And is your haſte ſo great as his my Lord?
Muſt *Agripina* then forſake her loue?
Ger. Or elſe Germanicus muſt leaue his life.
Therefore my deare, deare wife, and deareſt ſonnes,
Let me ingirt you with my laſt embrace:
And in your cheekes impreſſe a fare-well kiſſe,
Kiſſe of true kindneſſe and affectious loue,
Bath'd in the licour of diſtilled raine,
Which nere before diſſolued into teares,
Which falling lowly downe before your feete,
Seeme for to beg a mutuall vnitie,
To be continued after my depart.
Which if you are reſolued to maintaine,
Then vſe no dallying protractions,
But now compendiouſly lets take our leaue,
Agr. As wills Germanicus ſo muſt it bee,
Farewell deare Lord therefore, this way for me:

Exit Agripina. Nero, Druſus, and Caligula embrace Germanicus, and follow her. Germanicus at an other doore.

Ger. Deare wife, deare ſons, heauens your protec-(tors be,
The Gods our guide: farewell, this way for me.

Enter

Enter Tiberius and Seianus.

Ti. Thus is *Germanicus* our greateſt feare diſpatcht
With ſubtill *Piſo* to the Orient.
Didſt thou not ſee with what alacritie,
All the Plebeians at his triumph ſhowted
At euery period of his pleaſing ſong?
How that diſcordant quire redoubled
With their vntuned voyces reliſhing,
Long liue Victorious Germanicus?
But hees diſpatcht into Armenia,
And ſoone ſhall be diſpatcht by Piſo true.
Seian. My Lord vpon mine honour Ile auerre,
Speedie performance of this action,
I ſo inueagled Piſo, ſo inwrapt him,
So coniured his traiterous reſolution,
Storing the villaine with ſuch poyſonous druggs,
As neuer *Circe* nor *Aetes* knew,
I ſo incenſt his damn'd ambition,
Soothing his humour, praiſing his great worth,
Adding the fauours of *Tiberius*,
That were *Germanicus* imperious *Ioue*,
Piſo would poyſon him to gaine my loue.
Tib. So much Seianus for Germanicus,
But now an other cloud obſcures our Sunne,
Of leſſer fauour, but of greater ſhow,
That ſame infamous Tigres *Iulia*.
Nemia neuer ſaw a Lioneſſe
Was halfe ſo furious as is *Iulia*.
Didſt thou not ſee her yawning ſepulchre
Rauening to ſwallow vp my Emperie?
Did ſhe not ſhew Auguſtus teſtament
To haue diſcarded me from regiment?
How can I brooke it? Do not make replie,
If *Nero* liue, *Iulia* ſhall ſurely die,

Seian. Then Iulia make thy quicke confeſſion.

Tiber. But yet there doth remaine a coraſiue,
A canker that doth gnaw my feſtered ſoule,
Nero and Druſus yong Germanici,
Whoſe youth is guided by two elder ſtarres,
Tirius Sabinus, and Aſinius,
Were theſe made Counſellers to Proſerpine,
(For neither Minos nor ſterne Eacus,
Nor Rodamanthus were ſo iuſt as theſe,)
Nero and Druſus might be ſoone entrapt.
If that Seianus loues Tiberius,
If euer Nero did repay his loue,
Then ſee theſe Phoſphori be made away,
That dimme the glorie of our happie day.
Heere take my Signet, vſe what meanes thou wilt,
Be Emperour, ſo I may haue my will,
For euen as ſure as Nero drawes his breath,
Aſinius and Sabinus dies the death.

Seianus. If they did both Vliſſes equalize,
Matchles Penolepes vnmatched mate,
And if Minerua ſhould inclow'd their thoughtes,
As Cipria wrapt her Acheſiades:
I, were Apollo their eternall friend,
They ſhould not liue if Nero ſought their end.

Tiberius. Meane while, as cleare from all ſuſpition,
Tiberius will leaue this wicked Roome.
Iulia, Sabinus, and Aſinius
Shall rue the abſence of Tiberius. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nerua, Sabinus, and Aſinius.

Nerua. Who ſees the Sunne incombred in darke (cloudes,
And

And exhal'd vapours dimme thè welkins face,
Followed in purſuite with th' aſſaulting winde,
Which play their furious prizes in the ayre,
And not expects a ſharpe tempeſtuous ſtorme?
Sabinus. Who viewes the troubled boſome of
the maine,
Endiapred with Cole-blacke Porpeſies,
Prodigious Monſters, and preſaging Signes,
Markt in th'appearance of vnwonted ſhapes,
Strange figures, and amazing Spectacles,
and lookes not for a ciuill warre of wayles? (true,
Aſinius. Who ſees the rules to bee vnfaigned
And not prouides preuenting remedies,
Well might hee proone the perrill to his paine.
The Walles once battered by the boyſterous Ro-
maine,
And open paſſage forced to their foes,
Too late it is, for the engir't to plead
In matters, where foreſight might frame auaile.
Folly it is to truſt to had-iwiſt.
Late prouidence procures long repentance,
And thus I quite you for ſimilitudes.
Nerua. Cancell that quittance Gallus, Nerua
knowes,
How deepe enſearching is Aſinius skill,
But yet I wonder you will ſentence it,
Rather then to acquire the hidden ſence.
Aſinius. Sence then is hidde in thoſe ſimilitudes.
Nerua. I, ſuch deepe ſence as makes my ſences
droope.
Sabinus. No, ſences droope where ſence of ill is
none.
Nerua. Sharpe ſence may ſenſure ill, all thoughts
vnſhowne.
Aſinius. Blinde is the cenſure of vncertainties.
Nerua. I, to the eye which ſees what open lyes.

Sabi. You ſpeake Ænigmaes, doubtful and obſcure.
Nerua. Yet not ſo darke and hard, as true and ſure.
Sabi. Then be mine Oedipus, interpret it.
Nerua. Not Oedipus, it needes a ſearching wit,
A quicke conceite, an all obſeruing minde,
Tis that that muſt explaine this hidden ſence,
Such one was wont, aged Aſinius haue,
Such grounded wiſdome reaching at conceite,
Like as the fire in chimicke diſtillation,
Able to ſeperate the ellements.
But wherefore weepes Aſinius? thy griefe diſcloſe,
Nerua will heare, and helpe, who hath like woes.
Aſini. Not for my ſelfe I ſhed theſe briniſh teares.
Nerua. Teares ſhed for Romes eſtate doe drowne mine eies.
Sab. Hard ſtate where vices liue, and vertue dies.
Ner. Witneſſe the ſecret counſels which are kept,
Whereto no ſtate of *Senate* is requeſted,
But olde eſtabliſht orders quite deteſted.
Sab. Like to a butchered body, Rome is rent,
And ſecret factions, compleate treacheries,
Are common ſet abroach by each degree.
Ner. Nero hath tane adiew of ſtately Rome,
And poaſted downe into the Countrie,
Nothing regarding his imperiall ſtate,
And heere Scianus reuils all alone,
Free from the checke of Magiſtrates controule,
Commaunding all, as he were Emperour.
Sab. And with him keepes the high Auguſta heere,
But to what end, the Gods alone doe know:
Who graunt that all may iſſue to the beſt.
Aſin. Amen, Amen, my minde preſageth ill,
And ſay we what we can, theile haue their will.

Exeunt Aſinius, Nerua and Sabinus.

Enter Iulia and Scianus.

Iuli. And dare Tiberius worke old Iuliaes death?

Scia. Excel-

Seia. Excellent Lady, worthy Iulia,
Vpon mine honour Nero ſeekes your life.
Iul. And can the heauens ſee and not reuenge?
Not mad *Oreſtes Clitemneſtraes* Sonne
Was ſo vnnaturall as this beare-whelpe is.
I did conceiue the villaine in my wombe,
Which now I hate becauſe it foſtered him.
Could I not get ſome Taxus to haue made,
My wombe abortiue, when I him conceiu'd?
Nero, ah Nero! did I not procure,
Thy firſt adoption by Auguſtus bounty?
Caius and Lucius, thy elder Bretheren,
One in Armenia, th'other loſt in Spaine,
And all that thou the Empire migh'ſt obtaine.
Proud Phaeton, aſſend thy Fathers throane,
And rouſe the frozen Serpent from his Denne.
Father of darkeneſſe, Patrone of confuſion,
Reduce the *Caos* of eternall night.
Let heauen & earth, & aire, bee brought to nought,
For Nero liues, and Iuliaes life is ſought.
Seia. In vaine the furie of ſuch idle thoughts,
Doe but augment the habit of your paſſion,
The Virgin ayre doth onely heare your moanes,
Which fleeting takes no'impreſſion of your griefe.
In vaine you doe implore, the ſenceleſſe creature,
For to vnbinde the chaine of conſtant nature.
Iul. Seianus! wiſe Seianus! louely man,
What ſhall I call thee to obtaine thy loue?
And yet I know, thou loueſt Iulia.
Seia. Madam, vpon my honour I proteſt——
Iul. Proteſt no more, Seianus ſweare no more,
I doe beleeue thou loueſt Iulia:
And may I truſt Seianus with my loue?
Seia. And may you truſt Seianus with your loue?
If I had not engag'd my honours pawne,
If I had not admired Iulia;

Loued Auguſta more then mine owne life,
How durſt I haue diſcloſed Cæſars drifts,
Broke my allegiance to my ſoueraigne,
Clearing the miſtie cloudes of his reuenge,
But that I lou'd you more then all the world.
Iulia. Why then Seianus counſell Iulia,
Aduiſe Auguſta in her deepe extreames,
Were it not cunning, tell me gentle friend,
For to beguile the Lion of his pray?
Seian. Auguſta, Cæſar is your noble ſonne.
Iulia. I, but he ſeekes the life of Iulia.
Seian. Madam, he may be moued to pittie you.
Iulia. Shall Iulia then entreat degenerate man,
That neuer knew Auguſtaes royall ſpirit?
Did Sophonisba beg her princely life,
Or Anthonies Egyptian parramour?
Did Philips high reſolu'd Olympias,
Crouch to Seleucus for her wearie dayes,
And ſhall Auguſta royall Iulia,
Crouch, beg, entreate her boy Tiberius?
Seian. Lady not ſo, Seianus will entreate.
Iulia. Nor thou, nor any, ſhall entreat for me,
Did not I beare him? who ſhall beg my life?
I ſhame to heare thy fooliſh pittying,
Did not we make Tiberius Emperour?
And can we not depoſe Tiberius?
Where are thoſe volumes of inuentions,
Which once had reſidence in thy conceit?
Thoſe maſſacres and golden pollicies,
That ore thy fortunes euer houered?
Record Seianus all thy Chronicles
Diue to the bottome of thy memorie,
And plot ſome laborinth of villanie.
Do not Seianus all in vaine contend;
Nero, or Iulia, or both muſt end.
Seian. Royall Auguſta, Iulia commaund,

The vtmoſt that Seianus can inuent.
Madam, you know that Cæſar three dayes ſince,
Remou'd his Court vnto Campania,
Where by his Orchard——.
Iulia. What by his Orchard? ſpeake Seianus, ſpeak,
What doth the ſmoke of Lerna lurke thereby?
Or Thebane Sphinx, or Memphis Crocadile,
What Dipſas, or what Monſter can we find,
But halfe ſo cruel in his proper kind?
Seia. There is a Caue *Spelunca* call'd,
Vaulted by arte, made by Geometrie,
Whoſe top is wouen with a waning vine,
The leaues of tempred plaiſter flagging downe.
Are fann'd with motion of each little wind:
The ruddie cluſters of the grapes appearing,
Liuely engrauen in dependant ſtones,
Neuer Mauſolus, nor Amphions towers,
Nor Aſiaes immortall workmanſhip,
Dianaes Temple halfe ſo curious,
as this entrenched earthly Paradiſe.
But which encreaſeth moſt a mazing wonder,
With turning of one ſtone all fall's aſunder.
Iulia. What of this? what of the Caue Seianus?
Seian. Here oftentimes the wearie Emperour,
Doth banquet and refreſh his trou bled mind,
Iulia. Enough Seianus, promſe to turne the ſtone,
Iulia is ſicke, Auguſta muſt be gone.
Sei. Madam, vpon mine honour ile make him ſure.
Iulia. Farewell Seianus, I muſt needes be gone.
Exit Iulia. Manet Seianus ſolus.
S *ian.* Madam farewell. Go ſtepdame Iulia,
Plot with Seianus for Tiberius death,
But firſt go tell the Queene of fearefull Diſſe,
and read a lecture there of policie,
Neuer to truſt a friend in ſecrecie.
So then Seianus here Epitomize
all thy deuiſes for to get the crowne. Betwixt

Betwixt thy hopes and thee are ſeauen lights,
Seauen wandring planets, ſeauen obſtacles,
Tiberius Cæſar, and *Germanicus*.
The triple offſpring of *Germanicus*:
Iulia, *Agripina*, and *Liuia*:
All theſe *Seianus* twixt thy hopes and thee;
But for *Germanicus* hee is eclipſt,
His Orient of honour is obſcur'd,
I hope ere this by Piſoes diligence.
Iulia is in her ſtruggling agonie,
Betwixt the poyſon and concoction:
Druſus, Tiberius ſonne, I meane to ſpeede,
And make his father for to murther him.
Euen thus the Caue I told to Iulia,
Is verie true, I doe not vſe to lie,
Not to complot the deepeſt villanie.
Nor did I lie, ther's ſuch a Caue indeede,
And with one ſtone I can conſume the worke;
Some ſlender ſhallow polititian now,
Would deeme it here a point of wondrous reach,
To murther ſonne and father in this Caue.
Not ſo, Seianus hath a farther ſcope,
Deeper conceit, and farre more miſticall:
The Caue ſhall fall and yet *Tiberius* liue,
But I will ſeeme to vnderprop the Caue,
With theſe my pillars, and beare all the loade,
So ſhall I get more fauour with the Prince,
That whom ſoeuer I ſhall countenance,
Shall ſeeme as ere repealed Oracles.
Then will I worke this credulous conceit,
To what impreſſion my braine inuents,
Ile to Campania. Now firſt haue at his ſonne,
Then for himſelfe when all my plot is done.

Exit Seianus.

Enter

Enter Germanicus, and Piſo at one doore, Vonones and his ſonne at the other.

Ger. *Vonones* though this proud rebellion
Diſturbe the vniuerſall vnitie,
although this vtmoſt member of the world,
Hath made a ſeparation from the head:
Though thou and thy proud ſonne in daring armes
Haue made our Eagles ſweat in thy purſuite;
Yet know a Roman is thine enemie,
Whoſe Legions farre ſurpaſſe in Chiualrie,
The triple Phalaux of *Armenia*.
Were euerie man a furious Elephant,
Rul'd by a Caſtle of Numidians,
Theſe Germane Legions would encounter them;
and theſe new ſquadrons out of Italy,
Would ſtriue with them in glorious emulation,
Till with the ſpoile of vanquiſht Elephants,
They might encampe a pale with Iuorie.
Yet know my mercie farre exceedes my ſtrength,
an Oliues branch wreath'd with humilitie,
Shall win more fauour with Germanicus,
Then all the Enſignes in *Armenia* can.
Speake then Vonones, wilt thou fight or yeeld?
Von. Germanicus, as to my hoſtile friend,
Vonones knowes thy honourable minde,
admires, but nothing feares thy victories.
Except thy perſon, Thus much for your ſtate.
Germanicus, tis no rebellion,
For to maintaine our anceſtors renowne,
It is your pride to ſeeke Dominions,
Finding occaſions ſtill to conquer all:
Firſt Romulus encreaſt his Colonies,
By ruine of his neighbour borderers,
Within the circuit of faire Italy,
Subiected to your Lordly Empirie:

Then muſt Scicilia be your grauarie,
Carthage be ſackt for emulation,
Spaine muſt find horſes, France an enemie,
Becauſe that Brennus ſcal'd the Capitoll,
Yong Philip in the ſecond punicke warre,
Muſt be reclaim'd by old Æmilius,
Mithridates for helping Perſeus,
Muſt pay a ranſome of all Aſia
To Taurus Mountaine; yet not ſo content,
Except he yeeld vp Liſimachium,
For him Tigranes, Ptolomie for Anthonie,
My Grandſire for great Pompeys dignitie,
Muſt yeeld the title of his royaltie:
Romanes, you wrong the world by falſe pretences,
To make them al your vaſſaile Prouinces:
How did the Britaines wrong your Empirie?
The Gallogretians, or the Scithians?
What did Numidia, or what did Germanie?
The late Caracter of thy victorie.
Let fearefull Cowards to the Romanes yeeld:
Vonones will fight out this blodie field.

Exeunt both wayes, and enter againe to fight. Vonones and his ſonne flie. Enter Germanicus *and* Piſo.

Ger. Now are theſe Orientall braueries quail'd
theſe rauening wolues hem'd in their lurking dens:
Tigramenta, were it proud Babylon,
Glew'd with Alphaltes ſlime impenetrable,
Were it Pireus, or Seleucia,
Germanicus would neuer leaue aſſault,
Till it were ſubiect to Germanicus.
Sound them a parley.

Enter Vonones as vpon the walles.
Germanicus ſpeaketh.

Ger. Vonones, firſt to thy vpbraiding taunts,

Whic

Which then thy furie would not let thee heare,
Thou calleſt vs Romanes too ambicious,
Competitors to all the worlds Demaine,
Proud to inſult vpon Dominions,
By faigned ſhew of ſome receiued wrong:
Firſt know Vonones that great Romulus,
Diuineſt ofspring of th' immortall Gods,
Neuer vſurpt vpon his neighbour bounds,
Without the iuſt occaſion of reuenge:
Witneſſe the tempeſts of the Solines troopes,
And Titias Titaias doubtfull trecherie:
Scicilia we redeem'd from ſeruitude,
From Carthage bondage, whoſe ambicious pride,
Fiue hundred thouſand ſlue in Italy:
Spaine as abettors of falſe Hanniball,
Subdued by Africans to our rule,
France, Philip, Perſeus, and Mythridates,
Tigranes, Ptolomie, and Numidians,
Bold Brytons, Scithians, Gallogrecians,
Neuer without defiance were ſurprizde,
Neuer without iuſt cauſe we them defied:
Vonones thou doſt know this to be true,
Yet your preſumption makes you all to rue.

Vono. Germanicus were all the Romane ſpirits,
Imbarkt within thy royall curteſie,
Or were thy ſpirit infuſed into all,
Tigranocerta by the die of warre,
Should neuer make my realme vnfortunate.
Vonones would be to Germanicus
A vaſſaile ſubiect, tributarie King.

Ger. Vonones, not vnto Germanicus,
But vnto Nero bend thy humble knee:
If at our Eagle thou wilt lay thy crowne,
Then faile to Rome, and in the Capitoll
There reintreate great Cæſars clemencie,
Yeeld vp thy Citie, and diſmiſſe thy force.

Vonones I admire thy valourous minde,
This is the way to find Tiberius kinde.
Von. Germanicus, how much I honour thee!
Vonones fawnes not for his libertie,
For know, before that tyrant ſhall inſult
Ouer the *Armenian* Orientall Prince,
Euen by the Sun, and all his counſellors,
The autour of our royall progenies,
Scale, burne, aſſault, batter, vndermine,
Renue as oft your wearied Legions,
as Polinices, or the Thebane wall,
Nothing but death Vonones ſhall enthrall.
Germ. Then to the fight,
and heauen I truſt will ayde vs in our right.

Germanicus and Piſo ſcale the walles, Germanicus is repulſt the firſt aſſault, Piſo winneth the wall firſt, but is in danger by Vonones and his ſonne: Germanicus reſcueth Piſo, Vonones and his ſonne flie.

Che ſara, ſara, maugre all their force,
Tigranocerta, is ſubdued to vs.
Romanes aſſault the Keepe, let them not breath,
Till with the cinders of the fired Tower,
Your dreadfull furie cleane diſſolued be.
Sound a parley within.
Piſo. But harke, th' Armenians doe a parly craue,
I thinke thei'l yeeld, and ſo our labour ſaue.
Ger. Then ſound terror to their melting hearts.
They reſound a parley, and Vonones on the Keepe.
Von. Germanicus, and Romane conquerours;
Imperious Lords of Fortunes Emperie,
Vonones here vpon his ſuppliant knee,
Which euer yet was like the Elephants,
That had no ſinew, had no bending ioynt,
Here he that neuer begg'd, doth now entreat
A boone,

Aboone, a glorious boone: Germanicus,
Tis not my life: Vonones heart would breake
Before his tongue ſhould be his Oratour.
Tis not Captiuitie, nor Towne, nor Friendes,
Nor Realme, nor wife, nor my poſteritie,
Germanicus, it is a boone of fame
Vonones beggs, that nere will beg againe.
Ger. And as I liue, Vonones ſhall obtaine,
How honour croſt by chance, reuiues againe!
Vonones. Then thus, in ſingle combat I defie,
Some worthy man at armes, that dare performe,
This honorable challenge in the field,
If that Vonones liue, this is the boone,
For foure and twentie houres to haue my ſcope,
For to ordaine a new ſupply of warre.
If I be vanquiſh't, vſe the law of armes.
Germ. Diſcend Vonones, on my honours pawne
For to performe this reſolution.

Germanicus comes downe to the Stage.

Romaines, on your alleagiance be gone,
Perſwaſion is the ſight of preſent death:
I ſee the Garlands dangling in the skies,
Of Coruin and Torquates victories.

Vonones commeth downe, they fight and breath,
Vonones being wounded.

Von. Curſs'd bee the houre, and curſſed bee the lampe,
Which giues the influence to my hapleſſe being:
I had not deem'd that twentie thouſand ſoules,
Could haue ore'quelled in a ſingle fight,
My armour, purpled with vermillion blood,
(More then the Scarlet bluſh the maker gaue:)
You hel-bred furies, I plague you all in hell,
That thus do torture me: come on thou Targ of Rome.

Fight againe, and Vonones is ſlaine.

Ger. Ah noble Spirit, and art thou quite extinct?

Gallant Vonones much I pittie thee,
Too much dere earth oppreſſe him not with weight
Whoſe minde was eleuated whilſt he liued.
Let lillies decke his euer-flowring toombe,
And Roſets border on his wayled graue,
Sweet Nightingales participate his breath,
Helpe to immortallize his glorious death.

Piſo and all the Romaines come downe from the wall to Germanicus, and Germanicus ſpeaks to them.

Now braue Centurions, worthy Legions,
After the night of labour, honours day
Bring foorth the murall Crowne and Ornaments.
Piſ. Germanicus, whoſe head ſhall this adorne?
Ger. His that deſeru'd it, and I deeme' twas I.
Piſ. Know nay Germanicus, but it was I
That firſt repulſt th' Armenians from their walles,
Firſt pitcht my Eagle in the conquered Towne,
Not honour, nor imperious ambition,
Can make a Romaine yeeld his honours title.
I ſcald the ſconce, therefore the Crowne is mine,
I pitche mine Eagle, mine are the Ornaments;
And by my ſoule, and by Bellonaes night,
Piſo will haue his owne, his Crowne, his right.
Ger. Piſo ſhall haue his owne, ſhal haue his right,
But for the murall Crowne (my honours meede)
The glorious Signet of my victorie:
Firſt ſtars ſhall turne vpon this earthly pole,
Bound to this ſhadie Orbes circumference.
And heards of beaſts ſhall graze on earthly paſture
Betwixt the Lyon and the double Beare,
Nature turn'd topſey turuey fore that day,
Piſo my honours Crowne ſhall braue away.
Piſ. Braue! Piſo will not Braue, his deeds ſhal plead
Ger. His deedes alacke are tongue-tide Oratours,
Without ambition I pleade my right.

Did

Did not I my ſelfe in th'firſt aſſault,
Thrice change my Target ouer poys'd with Darts?
Did not I brandiſh in the ſecond fight,
My burning Semiter? that all their eies,
Could not indure the heate of his reflection?
Then in the midſt of all the frontiers ſtrength
Hew'd me a paſſage to Vonones Sonne,
Whoſe dying Ghoaſt bare record of my force,
That did diſmay their power, diſman their walles,
There fixt mine Eagle, then vnbard their Gates,
And ſtreight remounted to aſſault the Keepe.
Perchance that Piſo by ſome poſterne gate,
Crept through a meuſe, & by the winding ſtayres,
Panting and breathleſſe, ſtale vp to the walles.
But I——

Piſ. Nay ſtay Germanicus, my heart doth throb,
Mine eares doe glowe, to heare thy brauing taunts:
I am a Soldier, and as good as thou,
But for the childiſh rumor of thy name:
And ſhall I looſe by theſe inſulting tearmes
The Crowne of honour that I haue deſeru'd?
Not one fault drop of Sweat, that I haue ſpent,
But honours fountaine ſhall repay againe.
Germanicus, Piſo will haue his due,
Or thou or he, this fact of thine ſhall rue.

Centur. My Lords, what diſmal furie doth enchāt
Your noble Spirits to this mortall ſtrife?
The Romaine millitarie lawes enforce,
That in theſe graue demurres the Soldiers queſt,
Should giue the honour by a whole conſent:
Are you my Lord Germanicus content,
And you Lord Piſo with our Romaine lawes?

Ger. Worthy Centurion with all my heart.

Piſ. I muſt perforce, or elſe not haue my part,

Cent. Speak Soldiers, Piſo or German. (Germanicus

Sol. Germanicus, Germanicus, the Crowne is to

Cent. Trum-

Centu. Trumpets, relate to heauen this Vnitie.

Germanicus ſitteth downe, Piſo at the other end of the Stage ſprinckleth Powder on the Crown, and then he ſetteth it on Germanicus his head, Trumpets ſound.

Piſ. I loſt the Crowne, but I haue won the day,
Long liue Victorious Germanicus.

Ger. Piſo grieue not at Iuſtice equitie,
Mine honour's dearer Piſo then my life,
Except this grudge, Piſo, I honour thee,
Depute thee Lord Armenian gouernour,
To grace thy vertue and reward thy paine,
Farwell good Piſo, ile to Antioche. *Exit. Ger. & Sol.*

Piſ. I, goe Germanicus but nere returne,
That Crowne ſhall be the laſt thou ere ſhalt weare,
That garland decks thy ſpeedy funerall:
If that Germanicus paſſe Antioche,
Piſo's a foole, Seianus had no wit:
That powder which I ſprinckled on the leaues,
Me of my death, him of his life bereaues. *Exit Piſo.*

Enter Tiberius Solus.

Tib. I am diſpos'd to meditate alone,
Here in my Orchard, let none dare trouble me:
Theſe Poppies too much aſpire, they are too high,
I muſt needes make them headleſſe for their pride,
And ſure their ſeede, would breede a deadly ſleepe,
Should I not crop them, in their flowring prime:
Theſe marigolds, would follow with the Sunne,
If I ſhould ſuffer them to ſprout on high,
But ile confine their ſtature to my meaſure:
So will I doe with all competitors.
Here's an olde roote doth hide the riſing plants,
And that doth make me thinke on Iulia.
Where is Seianus, that incarnate diuell,
Hath he not ended yet my greateſt euill?
I doe miſdoubt the Villaine, oh the ſlaue!

He

He may bewray me to the Senators;
He may diſcloſe me vnto Iulia;
He may diſcouer me to Germanicus:
He may doe what he will, to ſeeke my end.

Exit Tiberius.

Enter the Ghoſt of Germanicus.

Ghoaſt. Ingratefull Nero, and ingratefull Rome,
Vnto the merrits of Germanicus,
Reuenge my cauſeleſſe wrongs, great Proſerpine,
Who murthered was by hatefull treacherie,
Me thinkes I am a man, and now could raue,
That nere before did know what anger ment.
This murall crowne wrought my vntimely death,
By Piſoes enuie, and Tiberius pride.
Germanicus, poore ſoule doe not complaine.
For prayers cannot thy life reſtore againe,
I will goe ſee my Children and my wife,
That I may thinke on them in this new life.

Exit Ghoaſt.

Enter Agripina at one doore, Druſus and Nero at the other crying out, as from their Beds.

Ner. My father, my deare Lord Germanicus.
Agr. My husband, my deare Lord Germanicus.
Dru. my father, my deare Lord Germanicus,
Mother and Brother, helpe Germanicus,
Fie ſluggiſh Brother, draw thy balefull ſword,
Mother, fling wilde fire at the Crockadile,
For nothing elſe can peirce his brazen skales.
Agr. Druſus, what ſpirit doth diſturbe my Sonne?
Dru. Mother, me thought I ſaw Martichora,
The dreadfull hiddeous Ægiptian beaſt,
Horrid and rough ſlimy and terrible,
Fac'd as an Hidra like ſome vnquoth man,
Whoſe eares hang drayling downe vnto hir feete,

Sweeping the loathſome ſoile with greedineſſe,
Fang'd with three Iron grates of ſteely tuskes,
Wall eyed, with collour ſteept in deepeſt bloud,
With Lyons clawes, and Scorpions poyſonous ſting
Wouen in Gorgias hundreth thouſand knots,
His murmuring ſound, mixt of two Simphonies,
Rebellowed twixt a flute, and trumpets ſound,
That ſeem'd the world with roring to confound.
By him me thought I ſaw a gallant beaſt,
A princely Lyon, crown'd with honours meede,
At which this vgly Monſter wrought amaine,
For to defeate the Lyon of his pray,
But all in vaine, till this deceitefull beaſt,
Belcht foorth an ayrie death, infecting breath,
At which me thought the Lyon vaniſhed.
And my deare Father, great Germanicus,
Plac'd in his roome by this beaſt perriſhed:
Twice thus I dream't, and ſtill my thinkes I dreame,
But mother, what did your affrighting meane?

Agri. Oh Sonne! I dream't that in the azure skye,
For one Epicicle two Sonnes did ſtriue,
One darted rayes, th' other rainebowes made:
One ſuckered plants, the other moou'd the fire:
One ſhining, tother dimme: one true, tother falſe,
And in this diſcord all in heauenly motion,
The hoaſt of ſtarrie cloudes did hide the ayre.
Theſe hideous monſters met in furious rage,
As if the world had beene diſſevered.
Like when a Whale runs in the boyſterous maine,
Seeming to ſhoulder all the yeelding waues,
So by contrition of this dawning night,
The Axeltree of heauen did ſeeme to mooue:
From whence, as from an anuile ſeem'd to ſtreame,
A day of lightning, and a thunder bolt,
Which rendring paſſage to the Orient,
Seem'd for to light vppon Germanicus.

This frighted Agripina in her Dreame,
But Nero what did thy vpſtarting meane?
Nero. My thought I ſawe a ſnowye milke white
Encountring with a rauening bloody Stork. (Swan
When in the furious heate of all their broyle,
The Storke was ſuccoured by a neighbour Crane,
The Swan relieued by a dunghill Cocke,
All ioyne in battaile, all to furious.
But whether by faire Venus prayers to Ioue,
Or other fate, the Swan and gallant cocke,
Ceaz'd on the Crane, and carkaſſe of the Storke,
All which ſeem'd pleaſing to my ſlumbring ſence,
But all too rufull that which after fell,
Fell diſcord twixt the Swan, and Cocke aroſe,
The peereleſſe Swanne was worthy Conquerour,
But yet alas the gallant Cocke.———

Enter Maximus a meſſenger from Germanicus, he knocketh at the doore.

But who diſturbes vs at this time of night?
Where is the Porter with the Cities watch?
Max. Open, ah open vnto Maximus.
Dr. The faithful Maximus, God ſend good newes.

Enter Maximus.

Agr. Too much I ſee, I dare not heare the reſt,
And yet I will: nay farwell Maximus,
I will not feare, yet feare comes gainſt my will,
Mine eares are ſtopt, how doth Germanicus?
Max. O! were I mute, or had my carefull nurſſe,
Nere taught this dolefull Engine for to ſpeak;
Then ſhould my ſoule in mourning ſilence groane.
Agr. Ah deere Maximus by all that ere was deare
Within thy truſtie heart, make no delaies,
Tel Agripina: rid her of her feare,
My heart is hardned euen the worſt to heare. (Rome
Max. Then Madam ſithence we left this ſtately

Proud in the Triumphes of Germanicus.
My Lord firſt ſayled to Brandusium,
So to Achaia and from thence to Rhodes.
From thence to Epheſus, from Epheſus
To Liſimachium we bent our courſe,
Thence to the mountaine Taurus marcht by land,
Sheluing on which we coaſt Armenia,
and in her firtill bowels pitcht our Tents.
Vonones three leagues off diſplaide his flag,
The ſcarlet Enſigne of his bloody minde,
There like two heards of Lyons, we inrang'd
Our ſquadron to their Phallax, to their darts,
Our ſlings: againſt their Cammels, all our horſe.
Betwixt our armies Tigris ſwiftly ran,
and there within a league on our right hand,
A deepe-delu'd Caue, (fit ambuſh to intrap)
All vaulted with a young diſprayed groue.
Here with fiue hundreth foot-men light of armes,
My Lord did place me till he gaue the ſigne:
So in the heate our Legions ſeem'd to flye,
Till all Vonones armie paſt the floud,
And in purſuite of our ſuppoſed flight,
There all enuironed with hidden troopes,
That ſaw Vonones and his fierie Sonne.
And ſome few more, which them accompained,
We made an ende of this rebellion.
Tigranocerta then we all inclos'd,
And wonne it, and my Lord Germanicus,
In ſingle combat, ſlew their gouernor.

Ag. Ah my deare Lord! how fares Germanicus?

Max. I, thats the diſmall newes I haue to tell,
Leauing the Orient thus in ſetled peace,
And Piſo Pretor of Armenia,
We marched to the Cittie Antioche,
Whereas my Lord had heard were Chriſtians,
Iudeian Prieſtes, the which did magnifie,

An

An vnknowne God, in dayly pietie.
Before the Cittie grew a Cipreſſe Groue,
Strew'd vnderneath with fading Violets,
Where Gaſtly Screach-owles hold their reſidence,
True Prodigies, of fatall miſeries.
about the mid day of Antipodes,
When our Horrizon was benum'd with ſleepe,
a furie and a paſſion both at once,
Began ſurprize my Lord Germanicus. (*her Sons.*
Agr. Oh heauens! —*She fainteth and is vpheld by*
Dru. Mother you promis'd for to heare the worſt
and can you not indure the firſt aſſault?
Agrip. Yes Maximus, tell out the dyreſt wo,
My hart conceiues more griefe then thou canſt ſhew
Max. What time the liuing diall of the night,
His firſt alarum, rang to Cipria,
Gall of my ſoule, I ſaw that woefull ſight,
Wherein my Lord (tormented) meekely lay,
Like to a Lyon in his generous kinde,
Doth gnaw the earth, in felneſſe of his minde,
Grudging ſorrow but diſdaines to moane,
Or rore in torment of his agonie,
So lay Germanicus in grieuous paine:
Yet griefe from outward ſhew did much reſtraine,
But feeling that his ſpirits gan to faile,
and vitall pulſes leaue their motion,
He cald for Plato, and there two houres red,
Of the immortall eſſence of the Soule,
So conſtant in his ſoules Diuine releeuing, (uing
That griefe euen grieu'd herſelfe, for him not grie-
Then to his friendes, he gaue this laſt farwell,
Deare friendes, and worthy countrymen adiew,
Had I in this faire May of all my glorie,
By fates Eternall hand beene catcht from earth,
I might accuſe the Iuſtice of the Gods:
But ſince by Piſo, and his poyſonous drugs,

Germanicus is loſt; reuenge my death.
Agri. Enough, too much: O I can beare no more,
Good Nero goe, run to Sabinus houſe. (*Exit Nero*
And treate him come, and comfort thy ſad mother,
Druſus goe thou vnto Aſinius lodge, (*Druſus*
And wooe him hether to thy ſorowing Mother. *Exit*
But was my Husband poyſoned by that ſlaue?
O Monſtrous hell-hound of ambition!
Max. No man could proue it, but it was ſurmis'd,
Both by the dying words of my deare Lord,
And by the ſuddaine ſwelling of his head,
That like a ſnow white Leaper was defilde.
As by the heart of great Germanicus,
Whoſe body being burnt, that yet vntoucht,
A certaine note of poyſon ſtill remain'd,
Which I embalmed with Arabian ſpices,
Mixt with the aſhes of my deareſt Lord:
Haue in this Allablaſter box preſeru'd,
The onely Relique of this Tragedie,
Which to you worthy Ladie I preſent,
Yours it was liuing, yours it muſt be dead.
Agrip. I had it liuing, and muſt haue it dead,
all may befall that muſt neceſſitie.
Flye liuing ſoule, into this luſtleſſe heart,
That it may animate my greater part.
Or elſe (Oh Gods) graunt this felicitye
That here my breathing ſoule may tombed be.
Mine eyes ſhall drizell down Arabian mirrhe,
To garniſh all Armenian infections
Or falling from my eye-balles couered be,
With this faire couer of ſad miſeries.
I muſt needes looke vpon this laſt reliefe,
Which ſwels, as being angry for my griefe.
Ah my Germanicus! thus to hold thy heart,
Yeeldes me no comfort, but augments my ſmart.
Nero returneth.
Ner. Mother

Ner. Mother, Sabinus ſome two houres ſince,
Is gone to viſite faire Elizium.

Agri. What to thy Father my Germanicus?

Druſus returneth.

Druſ. Mother, Aſinius Gallus very weake,
Expects the fatall houre of his death,
Phiſitians tell him he is poyſoned.

Agrip. Too much my Sonne, great ſorrow ſtill is dumbe. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Plebeians with one of Maximus his Soldiers.

1. And is it true, did Piſo poyſon Germanicus?

Sold. True, I as true as this is an Armenian Louſe, that bit me by the backe, & I am ſure I carried none out of Rome with me: for his head ſweld, his hayre would not burne, and hee dyed in a furie, and we al know that Piſo had mortall hatred againſt him becauſe he wold not let him haue his mural crown.

2. O Germanicus Germanicus! oh good Germanicus! the very hūniſuckle of humanity, & the Mary-gold of magnanimitie: Piſo is not to be cōpared to him, Piſo noe, he is to him (euen in the creame of his nature) the verie lees of licentiouſnes, the Veriuice of villany, the very excrement of euil, & which is more, he had no reaſon to poyſon him.

3 Good Germanicus, oh when ſhall I make thee an other payre of boots that would euen ſmile whē they ſhould come vppon his legges? O I ſhall neuer make ſuch merrie bootes againe, for all the drie leather in my ſhop I warrant will weep intirely when they heare this newes.

Sol. Conſent to me, Piſo will be heare preſently (he thought to haue beene heere before vs) conſent to me, lets plague him for Germanicus.

1 Agree'd, and lets roſt him in his skinne, as you roſt a Cat. (quicke

2 Nay, lets drowne him aliue, or elſe bury him

Sold. Nay,

Sold. Nay, will you all keepe touch, and weele teare him ioynt by ioynt when wee haue got him, therefore ſtand cloſe, for I heare his horſe neigh, the Aſſe will be heere preſently.

Enter Piſo.

Piſ. Haile Mother Rome.

Sol. I, ſtormes of vengeance on thy curſſed head,
1. Where is Germanicus? ſpeake!
2. Speak! what haſt thou done with Germanicus?

Piſ. I cannot tell.

All. But wee will make thee tell.

They drag him in, and enter againe with his limbs in their hands, they ſhout and cry. (Lord

Omnes. Thus haue we ſent reuenge to our deare
Thus haue we ſent Germanicus reuenge.

Exeunt. Omnes.

Enter Tiberius and Seianus out of the Caue.

Tibe. Sejanus.

Seia. My Lord.

Tibe. Ho Sejanus.

Seia. Here my gracious Lord.

Tibe. A plague vpō him, that firſt made this Caue
It was not ſumptuous, not faire enough
To be the Tombe of a liue Emperour.
Thankes to my Genius, and thy prouidence,
That hath defended me from farther ill,
And yet my ſhoulders feele the heauie loade,
Sirra a bruſh:
Vaniſh the monuments of antique worldes,
Mew'd in externall ſilence be obſcured,
Not Theſius loue vnto Perrithous
Nor Alexanders to Hæpheſtion,
Nor the two Bretheren of Paris ſworne,
That in eternall courſes ſcale the heauens,
Did euer manifeſt ſuch demonſtrations,

Of

Of faith vnfaign'd, and more then Turtle-doue,
Saued my life, now by my Geneus
If all the world were ten-times multiplied,
And one of them were made of maſſie gold,
Enameled with Pearles and Diamonds,
Emboſt with Iaſper and Alites vertue:
Yea were all theſe imaginarie worlds,
Vnder Tiberius his dominion,
This world, this rough-caſt world with precious
Should be the guerdon of my ſaued life. (Iems,
Ah my Seianus, what can Nero find,
To counter-ballance ſuch a faithfull minde.
Seian. Moſt gracious Cæſar mightie Emperour,
Had Pellion and Oſſa beene conioy'nd,
Had mounting Tenarus with the ſnowie Alpes,
And high Olympus ouerwhelm'd the Caue,
Yet would Seianus (like Briarius)
Haue beene embowell'd in this earthie hell,
To ſaue the life of great Tiberius.
Tib. Now haue I tried the truneſſe of thy ſtampe,
Bith' touchſtone of this late oppreſſion,
Nero repayes thy loue with vſurie,
But by my Geneus how this ſuddaine feare
Hath made vs cleane forget our mothers care.
Tell me Seianus, how fares Iulia?
Sei. My Lord ſhe doth cõmend her to your grace
But very weake vpon a ſurfet taken.
Tib. As how Seianus? old folkes vſe good diet.
Sei. And ſo did ſhe my Lord, at ſupper time
She tooke a kernell of reſtoratiue,
In a Pomgranet, which did ſo preuaile,
As that left her ſicker with her Phiſicke:
Aſinius and Sabinus her deare friends,
From that Apothecarie did receiue,
The like reſtoratiue with like effect:
And then I poaſted to your Maieſtie.

Tib. Iulia, Sabinus, and Afinius,
For each a teare, ſo to Elizium.
But what Seianus note I in thy face?
The ſeale of feare though well diſſembled,
Are they not all diſpatcht why doſt thou feare?
Seian. Vpon mine honour all are periſhed. (ſoule?
Tib. What doth thy conſcience then diſturbe thy
What meanes the careleſſe rowling of thine eyes?
Thy louing ſorow, fouldiing of thine armes?
Thy ſuddaine ſighs, thy wauering countenance?
Now all thy blood doth ebbe into thy heart,
Now all thy bluſhing viſage ouer-flowes,
Speake my Seianus, ſauer of my life,
And by my Geneus thou ſhalt obtaine.
Seia. Feare and allegiance, dutie and affection,
Honour and pittie, loyaltie and loue,
Raiſe mutuall tumults in my clouen heart.
Tib. Speake good Seianus, Nero longs to heare,
The mutinous diſſention of thy feare.
Seian. May be my Lord Seianus feares in vaine.
Tib. Let Cæſar know, leaſt Cæſar feare in vaine.
Seian. What if my Lord it do concerne my hurt?
Tib. Yet tell to Cæſar who can cure thy hurt.
Seia. I am perſwaded that it is but forg'd.
Tib. Well, howſoeuer I commaund thee ſhew.
Seia. Faulter my tongue thou dolefull inſtrument,
Infortunate to tell ſo bad a ſtorie.
Pardon my Lord.
Tib. Seianus I commaund.
And by my Geneus I will be obeyed.
Seia. Then heauens beare witnes what I do record
Comes of no malice nor ambition,
For of mine honour I do thinke it forg'd.
My Lord, ſince you lay in Campania,
It is a rumour blowne by vulgar winde,
That you will neuer backe returne to Rome,

I could not geſſe on what preſumption:
But when I firſt aſſaulted Iulia,
And ſhe had ſwallowed vp the poyſonous baight,
Faith then in loue vnto her Ladiſhip,
I told her that your grace did ſeeke her death.
Not Menus with the frantike dames of Thrace,
(That in their Dioniſian ſacrifice,
Mangled the bodie of poore Pentheus)
Raued like Iulia in her paſſion.
Tib. O how it doth me good to heare her mad!
Seia. May it pleaſe your Maieſtie to giue me leaue
Here to ſet downe a dolefull period.
Ti. No by my Geneus Nero will heare all.
Seia. After the furie, anger tooke her throne,
Like a fierce Lion chaft to ſeeke reuenge,
When wooing me with many honie words,
Of good, and wiſe, and friend, and debonaire,
Idle ſinononimies of womens wit,
ſhe all to prayed my conſtant ſecrecie
And I to heare the ſummall exigent,
Swore neuer to reueale her policie
Whileſt Iulia and Seianus both ſhould liue.
And I haue kept my promiſe with her to.
Then did ſhe ſeeme to wooe me with her lookes,
But good my Lord let here Seianus leaue,
For on mine honour all may be but forg'd.
Tib. If thou concealeſt but one ſillable,
Nero will hate thee in eternitie.
Seia. My Lord, great Iulia ſaid ſhe would preuent
Tiberius in his Tygers crueltie:
She ſwore my ayde, ſhe ſwore my ſecrecie,
Adding a gift to euerie worde ſhe ſpake:
This Ring, this Signet of Auguſtus Armes,
This Iewell, picture of your noble father,
Yet Iulia you know my Lord was wiſe,
And all may be but forged pollicie:

She ſaid how ſhe deuiſed had the plot,
In this Campanian ceceſſion.
(Oh Gods forfend)to end Tiberius daies?
Tib. Tis well Sejanus ſhee's—— but proceede.
Sej. The day before the bluſtering Ides of March
Which as I take it,this day is expired
(That made me poſte ſo haſtily from Rome)
On this ſame fatall day,olde Iulia ſwore,
Hir Sonne Tiberius ſhould be poyſoned.
But by whoſe meanes,my Lord I muſt conceale,
For of mine honour I doe thinke it forg'd.
Tiber. Conceale a Traytor,and my guard ſhal lop
Thy ioynted carkaſſe: goe too tel me all.
Sej. Why then my Lord,imagine all is falſe,
And what I ſay,is all but counterfaite.
Doe not conceiue that Druſus your deare ſonne,
Aſpires to be a preſent Emperour:
Beleeue not that this day he makes a feaſt,
Where mightie Cæſar,ſhould be poyſoned.
Thinke not that Spado that Twig ſoone bent to ill,
Is now corrupted to performe the act,
Who taſting firſt vnto your Maieſtie,
With a Vine-branch enfoulded on his arme
Will ſqueaſe in poyſonous drugs to ſlay my Lord.
Imagine this to be a lying dreame,
Though Iulia ſware and vow'd it ſhould be ſo,
And made great ioyance,that it ſhould be ſo;
Beleeue it not ſurely ſhe ſaid not true,
For on mine honour I doe thinke it forg'd.
Tiber. No, no,Sejanus, I haue well obſeru'd,
The haughtie ſtomacke of th'aſpiring Boy,
But Ile pull downe his lofty creſted plumes,
And teach him homage to his ſoueraigne.
How dare the ſtragling elfe,once looke on mee,
And not be turn'd into an Aſpen leafe,
To tremble at each breathed ſillable?

Sej. Be

Sei. Be patient good my Lord, perhaps tis falſe:
Or be it true, as who would once conceiue,
Such headlong furie in ambitious thoughts?
Did not Mithridates Pontus King,
Forgiue Phraates his rebellious Sonne?
Did not Iugurthus father, often checke
His high aſpiring thoughts? yet him forgaue:
Tiber. Talke of forgiuenesſe in ſome pettie Kings
Not in the ſtate of mightie Emperors,
This day he doeth prouide Thyeſtas feaſt,
And bids his father to the bloudy cates.
Perſwade me not, Seianus I will goe,
I haue already promis'd him to come,
And if the villaine offer me theſe drugs,
Ile make him ſwill the cup, I ſhould carouſe.

Enter Spado toward them.

But heere comes Spado his fine inſtrument,
See where his Garland is, ile ſtab the Slaue.
Sei. No good my Lord, how can you then inquire
The hatefull Treaſons of your wicked Sonne?
Tib. Tis true Seianus, I will hold my hands.
Sei. Oh how I fear'd I ſhould haue beene betraid
Spad. Euer Auguſtus! Druſus royall banquet,
Requires the preſence of Tiberius.
Tiberi. Spado we come.
They draw aſide the Arras, and banquet on the ſtage, Spado teſteth to Tiberius, and after infuſeth the poyſon.

Spa. My Lord, yong Druſus wiſheth happineſſe,
To Nero Cæſar in this Cup of wine.
Tiber. Druſus doe thou begin vnto Tiberius.
Dru. My Lord may't pleaſe you here is other wine.
Tibe. But taſte of this my Sonne, I'm ſure tis good.
Dru. Here is the like my gracious Lord beſide.

Tiber. It may be like, but not ſo altogether.
Druſ. Tis of the ſame.
Tiber. Well, pleaſe my humor Sonne.
Druſ. Why good my Lord.
Tiber. By Ioue ile haue it ſo. *He drinketh and falls downe, Seianus ſtabbeth Spado.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is the Emperour? Auguſta is deade.
Tib. Goe tell that newes to Proſerpine. *Stabs him.*

Another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where's Cæſar? great Germanicus is dead.
Tiber. Commend me to Germanicus. *Stabs him.*

Another Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where's Nero, Piſo is by the Plebeians ſlaine
Tibe. Let Rauens and Vultures gorge on his fleſh and thine. *Stabs him.*

Another.

Meſſ. Where is Tiberius? where is Cæſars grace?
Aſinius and Sabinus both are dead.
Ti. Go greet thē both thus frō Tiberius. *Stabs him.*
How now what newes bringſt thou? ſpeak villain ſpeake.
Seianus commeth toward him, and he maketh at him. Seianus cryeth out, and Nero ſtareth on him.

Seia. No newes my Lord, I am Seianus I,
I ſau'd your life my Lord, I am Sejanus.
Tib. Pardon Sejanus onely faithfull friend,
The headlong furie of a troubled ſoule,
I dare not truſt my ſelfe to ſee my Sonne.
O who would weare a Crowne to be tormented?
Sejanus I muſt ride in poſte to Rome,
To reigne the furie of the common heard,
See theſe foule carkaſſes be buryed.
Goe to Sejanus, when I haue my will, *He ſpeaketh*
Ile make thee Patterne of thy Villaines. *this aſide.*

Meane

Meane while I will to Rome to finde the bookes,
Auguſtus wrote and left with Iulia. *Exit Tiberius.*
Sej. Why this is well, Germanicus is gone
With Iulia and with Druſus into hell.
Follow Sejanus, Noe: thy wits I meane,
Alas poore Druſus, troth I pittie thee,
And Spado too, me thinkes now I could weepe,
But that it is too womanly: this chopping boy
Whome I corrupted for this Stratageme,
I did him a great fauour, had he liued
Tiberius would haue had him tortured,
Hang'd by the Nauell for confeſſion.
Druſus, for thee, I could haue wiſht thy life,
But reaſon did in force thy deſtinie.
Firſt that thou wert heire to Tiberius:
Next an obſeruer of my ſecrecies,
Thirdly thy Liuia, that Queene of beautie,
The eldeſt Daughter to Germanicus,
Sejanus ſecret friend, thy ſecret foe,
Next to Germanicus, heyre to the Crowne,
Thy ſometime, now my wife, if heauens agree,
To make me heire vnto a Princes Throne,
Nay more, an Empyre thus ſhall be mine owne:
Fourthly the blow which I receiu'd in peace,
Vntill reuenge might ſatisfie my will:
All theſe, or any were ſufficient:
I am ſorry, I haue vs'd thee too too well,
Now to the ſumme, of all my foes are left:
Tiberius Cæſar, with him Agripina,
Nero and Druſus the Germanici.
Then thus the fierce enrag'd Germanici,
I will inſence againſt Tiberius
As the ſole agent in their fathers death,
Shew them the fauours of the Senators,
The Plebeians harts inchained to their beckes,
Faire baites for to allure their young conceites.

Rebellion

Rebellion Ile intitle honourable,
And if that we obtaine the victorie
As I haue bound them Legions to mine hoaſt,
Then will I haue my ſpies, my fawning Curs,
My hireling hell-hounds in the battailes heate,
To murther both the yong Germanici.
Tiberius vanquiſht, and theſe made away,
Cæſar Seianus, Empreſſe Liuia. *Exit Seianus.*

Enter Caligula ſolus.

Calig. Now pleaſured by fit occaſion,
Poure forth the treaſures of thy inward thoughts,
Which too too long haue beene impriſoned,
Now muſe on Romes enſuing miſeries,
Tiberius treaſons, and thy fathers death,
Thy brothers danger, and thine owne contempt,
And muſing, meditate vpon reuenge,
Baniſh harts quiet from thy ſleeping thoughts,
Vntill thy thoughts be ſatisfied with blood.
Nero I come, inſpire me iuſteſt rage:
And Rome ſhall tremble at Caligula. *Exit Calig.*

Enter Seianus, with Nero, and Druſus Germanici.

Seian. Nero, Druſus, Druſus, Nero, both are one,
Or one or both, for both I know are one:
And what I ſpeake to one I ſpeake to both.
Nay, heare me out for what I ſpeake is true,
Piſo did poyſon great Germanicus
Your father, Neroes ſonne and my good Lord,
I, by Tiberius pollicie.
Lo here the pardon made for Piſo drawne,
Which Iulia dying did to me commend,
What ſhall I ſpeake to moue you to reuenge,
The Senat is deuoted to your locke,
The common people in ſoft murmuring,
Like Bees doe ſeeke the honie of your Hiues,
What if ſome Waſpes doe moue Tiberius?

Ihaue

I haue a ſwarme maugre theſe lazie droanes:
I haue the Legions at Seianus becke,
And for my ſake, and ſpecially for yours,
I know they will embrate all their force,
Beſides the honour of your Countries good,
Exile the tyrant, ſo did Caſſius,
Brutus the elder and the yonger Brute,
Honour and fauour, youth and legions,
The Senators, and the Plebians:
If all may moue you, courage noble hearts;
Let Hares and Harts be fearfull in their kinds,
Romanes haue valiant and vndaunted minds.
Nero. Brother a word with you:——*Takes him aſide*
Seia. I, go, conſult, whilſt I centuriate
A thouſand nets to catch ſuch tender fooles.
Nero. Druſus how doſt thou like Seianus geſture?
Dru. Faith like his words, for both are counterfet.
Nero. Vpon my life Tiberius ſent the ſlaue.
Dru. Tis ſo by Ioue, tis ſo, looke brother, ſee
How the damn'd villain fleares, & laughs, & lowres
Wele firſt begin with him, & thē for Nero: *They be-*
Nero. Brother content, and now be reſolute, *gin to*
But here comes Iulius Celſus, hold thy hand. *draw.*

Enter Iulius Celſus.

Celſus. Flie, flie Seianus, Iulius bids thee flie:
Nero hath found thy death in Iuliaes houſe,
I meane, the cauſe of death, thy trecheries,
The letter that thou ſent'ſt to Liuia:
Away, ſhift for thy ſelfe, and ſo will I. *Exit.*
Seia. Hath he found that? Seianus curſſe thy ſelfe,
The lower world, and the higheſt heauen.
That he hath found them; die, conſume, and burne.
I heare the noiſe of horſes, they are here,
A plague vpon them all, then here away. *Exit*
Ne. Brother away, t'is time, we may ſuſpect. *Exeunt*
Seianus lookes in at the doore, and ſpeaketh.

 Seia. Hell

Sei. Hell yawne and ſwallow them: that way I am
This way the dogs wil bark, & ſo betray me: (ſtopt,
The geeſe will gaggle, if I flie this way.
There are his murderous guard, a hel confound thē:
Oh for the ſeauen-way houſe of Hannibal!
Sejanus kill thy ſelfe, oh no I dare not,
Would I were an Aſſe to beare: ſo I am.
I am not: I flie, I dare not: I cannot, I muſt. *Exit.*

Enter Tiberius with his guard purſuing Seianus.

Tib. Haſt for your liues, ſeeke, ſearch, enquire, ſtop
Miſdoubt, examine, ſpie, watch, haue a care, ſtay,
And if he paſſe, not one of you ſhall ſcape
Th' extreameſt torments that I can inflict.
Poaſt poaſt, away ſome to the Capitoll,
Some to port Eſquiline, mount Pallatine,
Watch, watch the ſtreetes, the Druſian ſtreetes,
Hie to the Altars, the Ægerian wood:
The bridge of Tiber, and Prometheus Lake,
Some where, any where, euery where, away, away.

Enter Seianus: the guard beſets all the doores, he draweth and proffereth to come diuers wayes: at laſt ruſheth on the guard, fighteth, and is taken.

Seia. Heauen, earth, hell: helpe, hide, gape:
here ſwallow vp a liuing ſacrifice,
Grac'd with an Heccatombe of ſlaughtered ſlaues,
Hold ſword Sejanus barters death for death.

Ti. So, bind the traitor faſt in Iron chaines,
Now ſlaue of honor, groũd of Infamie,
Obloquies ſubject, and faire dealings ſhame,
Nay heare me villaine, for thou muſt, and ſhalt.

Seia. Muſt, ſhal, and will, for I am bound to doe it.

Tib. I, and to beare what euer I inflict.

Sei. Strik quickly, & ſtrike home, I wait the ſtroke
And ſhall embrace the inſtrument of death,

And

And neuer grieue to droune it in my blood;
So that the ſtreamie ſpirits that aſcend,
Were of ſufficient force to ſtrangle thee:
Tib. Ah good Sejanus how yet I pittie thee!
Seia. I craue no pittie, neither feare thy pride,
Whoſe pittie onely ſerueth for a truce,
To leuie new ſupply of tyrannie.
Tib. The man begins to play the Orator,
Get him a Throne to grace his eloquence.
Seia. This kind of curteſie I will accept.
Tib. Yet ſhall you not perform't except I will:
Seia. If, Tygers iſſue thou ſhouldſt cut out my tunge
And rob my thoughts of their Ambaſſador,
The boundleſſe Ocean of my ſwelling thoughts,
(Enraged with the malice of my heart)
Would ouerflow my breaſts inmuring bankes,
To make relation of thy villanie.
Tib. Oh terrible reuenge, intollerable.
But I ſhall vndergoe it as I may,
And here and there ſtill as you glaunce at me,
But touch a little your owne villainies,
And therein play the true Hiſtorian.
Tut, courage man, why doſt thou not begin?
Seia. Bidſt thou begin, who long will wiſh me end,
Ere I haue ript vp halfe thy villanies:
Which neuer will haue end vntill thou end.
Oh hadſt thou ended ere thou hadſt begun,
So many euils had not chaunc'd in Rome:
Then had not Veſtaes Tapers beene defil'd,
Nor th' Altars turnd to irreligious vſes:
When thou didſt make her neuer dying lampes,
Serue for the Torches to thy burning luſt,
The whileſt her Temple made a brothel-houſe,
And all her virgins proſtitute to thee.
But theſe are but thy meaneſt outrages,
Wrought in thy villainous minoritie

Thy Cleopatrean cates could ſcarce diſgeſt,
Without a meaſure daunc'd by naked truls,
To feed thy glutton-eyes immodeſt gaze.
Tib. And where was then Sejanus, holy man?
Seia. Herein I doe accuſe my ſelfe of guilt.
Tib. Beſhrew thy hatefull head for doing it.
Seia. Bale to thy hatefull heart for cauſing it.
Tib. Thy plotting head for ſo inuenting it.
Seia. Thy bloodie mind for ſo concluding it,
Tib. And on Sejanus for effecting it.
Seia. And on Sejanus for effecting it.
Yet villaine doe I curſe my curſed ſelfe?
Downe poyſed by the execrations
Of thoſe that thou by me haſt murthered?
Tib. Beleeue him ſirs, may be he ſpeaketh truth.
Seia. It may be tyrant, nay it is too true.
Caius, and Lucius, were murthered,
And Agripina, by Tiberius.
So poyſoned Germanicus was ſlaine.
Sabinus, and Aſinius were diſpatch'd,
And Iulia for her ſonne Tiberius.
And ſo thou louedſt Druſus thine owne ſonne,
To ſucke his bloud in whoſe death ſtill I ioy,
To thinke that therein I ore-reach'd a tyrant.
Poore Prince vniuſtly doom'd to ſuddaine death,
Which in his life he onely this deſeru'd
By giuing me a whirret on the eare:
But as for treaſons ignominious ſpot
againſt thy ſelfe, thy life or Diademe,
His innocent thoughts neuer were tainted with.
Ti. Hold hart, break not betwixt my rage & griefe
Seia. Onely for this. (*Aſide.*
Tib. Onely for this! O furie teach my tougue,
To breath eternall curſes on his ſoule.
Seia. O how I triumph in ſoule-pleaſing ioy,
That herein yet I die not vnreueng'd.

I made

I made him die for mine owne proper fault,
For know Tiberius as in all the reſt,
So in thy Sonne Druſus ſad Tragedie,
I grounded the foundation of my hopes,
Meaning vpon the Ocean of their blouds,
To ſwim vnto the Throne of Maieſtie,
And from thy hand rend the imperiall crowne.
Tib. Here is the Catalogue of his deſerts,
Tis pittie but he were an Emperour.
Spurius——*He whispers in his eare, & Exit Spurius*
Make haſte, I charge thee on thy life.
Herein I muſt detract from pollicie,
And Fortune attribute the cauſe to thee,
That thus I may reuenge this treacherie.
Seia. Reuenge! alas thou maiſt perhaps on me,
Inflict th' extreamitie of puniſhment,
And rid thee ſo of one peece of thy feare,
But yet thou canſt not ſcape deſerued death,
For from the Phœnix aſhes of their Sire,
The heart reuiued young Germanici.
Wiſe Nero, and fierce Druſus arm'd with rage,
Come like a lightning to conſume thy ſtate.
Tiber. Soldiers purſue them ere they paſſe the walles
To ioyne themſelues vnto the Legions.
Seia. Why lunaticke Vſurper of the Crowne,
They are the lawfull heires vnto the ſtate,
Thou but adopted by falſe treacherie,
My right as good as thine is to the Crowne,
For both but falſe, and both but villanie.
Tibe. Thou dooſt me wrong Sejanus to vpbraid me thus,
With Ignominious Title of ingrate.
Or wrong detaining what is not mine owne.
Enter Spurius with a burning Crowne.
Who, I Vſurpe your Crowne and your eſtate?
I were not fit to liue and if I ſhould.
Therefore my Majſters, heere before you all,

I doe reſigne my crowne imperiall
Vnto Sejanus, and doe inueſt him Cæſar,
He ſets the burning Crowne vpon his head.
All haile Sejanus, Romes great Emperour.
Seia. Al haile: Hell, Death, Deſtruction plague
Let all the tortures, torments, puniſhments: (you al
In earth, in heauen, in hell, reuenge my death,
Whoſe burning paine torments me not ſo much
as that there comes not from my ſcalded braines,
Sufficient ſmoake to ſmother all of you. *He dyes.*
Tibe. So dye thy Curſſes with thy curſed ſelfe,
Now one goe caſt, his bodye in to Tiber,
The reſt goe with me, tis high time to haſt. *Exeunt.*
Enter Agripina ſola. (*omnes*
Agr. Oh heauens! and if that any power be higher!
O earth! and if that any lower lye?
Melt heauens into a ſhowre of ſupple balme.
Flower earth, all purpled with Nepenthaes leaues,
Too fooliſh Agripina to complaine,
Earth, Heauens, Nepenthaes balme, and al in vaine.
This earthly hart, it is my pleaſing earth.
She openeth the box with the heart of Germanicus
This is Nepenthaes that doth cure annoy:
This balme, this Caſſia, this is ſweeteſt Myrrhe
When I forget to ioy in this reſpect,
Heauē, Earth, Nepenthaes all do me neglect
O what a dungeon is this tabernacle!
To whome, and when, and where ſhall I complaine?
I know not, and againe I knowe,
For Agripina is amaz'd with woe.
Enter Marco.
Macr. Madam, Tiberius Cæſars maieſtie,
Sent me to tell you of his neare approach.
Agri. Wil Nero come? where are his torturs then?
His rod, his Hatchets Rackes, gyues, manacles,
Whips, Gridirōs, Tumbrels, Lyons, Tygers, beares
And all his vnquoth new found Meſſengers,
Which

Which bloody Phallaris could nere inuent?
Can faire Pallantias leaue her Lucifer,
Or Phœbus ſhine, and not Aurora riſe?
Tuſh you are much deceiu'd, Nero will not come.
Macro. Lady, my heart doth yearne to here your griefe,
To ſurge in billowes of ſuch bitter waues. (griefe,
And———
Agr. And what? good Gentleman, tel out the reſt:
What, will you ſet a ſhip vpon my Sea,
Fraught with a thouſand Tunne of heauie cares,
And with a ſharpe tempeſtious Romaine winde,
Saile vnto Thule or the frozen maine,
Then glide vppon the yce and ſo to land,
And ſowe theſe ſeedes of care twixt bankes of Rue,
Deepe delu'd, and deepe rooted in colde clay,
Then in purſuing of this faintie ſoyle,
Stay vntill harueſt, and in Autumne ſheare
This fruitefull Corne, and ſo returne againe.
But Agripina, theſe fond humors leaue,
Macro, my griefe my ſences halfe bereaue.
Macr. True Agripina, Macro much did wonder,
The variable paſſions of ſad ſorrow,
That I lament the tragicke hiſtorie,
This dolefull faultering Engine ſhould impart,
Nero will hether come vnder pretext,
To comfort, but to trie your patience.
He hath an Apple in ſuch firrop dipt,
Which he in kindenes meanes to offer you:
If you accept, accept a preſent death:
If you denie, heele take exceptions,
Againſt your faith, and ſubiects loyaltie.
Dreadfull Dilemma counſell as you may.
I doubt that Nero wil miſdoubt my ſtay. *Exit Macr.*
Agri. Dares he not ſtay? O monſtrous periurie!
Did he not vow by Ioues eternall Crowne?
By Saturnes ſighe, and Venus golden belt?

Mercuries

Mercuries changing rod and Lunaes Horne,
That he would ſtay with me. O periury!
Nero make haſt: yet ſtay, ile paire my Nailes,
Leaſt that I ſet my tallents on his face,
And ſpoile Narciſſus comely perſonage.
He will giue me an Aple, ile giue him ———
A what? a Lemmon: no but ile giue him
A Cheſnut, and heele cracke the riuen ſhell,
And twixt his Milſtones, grinde the yealding meat
Germanicus, oh my Druſus! oh my Deare,
Nero, no! Nero Cæſar will viſite me,
And feede me fat with Capons and with Quailes.
Quailes! noe with Apples ſo he comes:
I ſhall be cram'd to day.

Enter Tiberius with his attendants Spurius & Nerua, Macro and Caligula following after.

Tiber. Faire Daughter Agripina, you doe wrong
That ſpotleſſe beautie with congealed teares.
Blotting thoſe Rubies with diſſolued pearles,
Stayning thoſe Roſes with ſuch Chriſtal ſtreames.
Is not the world ſubject to Romaine power?
And thou the Daughter of the Emperour,
And ſo th' imperiall Miſtreſſe of the world?
Then Agripina but commaund the world?
and all the world ſhall ſeeke to comfort thee.

Agri. Nero, not all the world can comfort me,
Since all the world hath loſt my comforter.

Tiber. Hath all the world? what did your Lord aſ-
Daughter, you cannot rule vnleſſe you raigne. (pire?

Agr. Bluſh not deare Enſigne of my modeſtie,
Shame light on me if that I be aſham'd,
Since thou wilt neuer be aſham'd of ſhame,
My Lord Germanicus did he aſpire?
No Nero no, there lurkes the ſiſtila
Of fawning hatred that did murther him.
Did he not honour Rome in Germany?

Did

Did he not homage to Tiberius?
Did he not loue his countrie paſt compare?
Courteous and milde, and too obſequious?
Too well beloued and too credulous?
and therefore murthered.
Tiber. Nay ſtay a while,
And breath, and raile, and raile and breath againe,
and then I hope your Ladyſhip will ſtay,
Meane while, hold, heeres an apple to refreſh
The dryed vapours of your fuming head.
Eate it and breath, eate it and raile againe,
Doe ſo faire Daughter to allay your paine.
Words eaſe the ſtomacke.
Agrip. So muſt they mine:
Or elſe my heart would breake in vile diſpite.
Monſter of Monſters, ill is too too good,
Cruel, too milde a title for thy deedes:
Nature could neuer finde a man ſo bad,
That might reſemble thy foule Villanies.
Toade, Crockadile, Aſpe, Viper, Baſiliske,
Too holſome, tame, milde, gentle, vertuous,
For Neroes poyſon, furie, enuy, wrath.
Tibe. Woman, I liſten much vnto thy Taunts,
Yet know that I haue Pandaturia,
There, babble to the wind, thy fooliſh moanes,
There in ſome deſart make thy Elegies,
Tune them vnto the puling harmony,
Of the lamenting conſort bred in Thrace:
Rome ſhall not heare thy yelling execrations,
Before Enos ſhall foure times be waſht,
In Nereus fountaine with Hiperion,
Vpon thy life ſee that thou ſee not Rome,
But baniſht, backe to pandaturia.
Agri. Firſt let the head of Nilus be reueal'd,
Let Tiber flowe in Ægipt, Nile in Rome,
Let earth to ayre, and water turne to fire,

All to confuſion, let heauen turne to hell,
And which is more and moſt Prodigious,
Let Nero thinke one thought of honeſtie,
If Agripina yeeld to banniſhment.
Did not Sejanus blazen all thy wrongs,
That all the world doth loath thy treacheries?
Did not the Parthian King admoniſh thee?
Thou wert a villaine, and thou ſworſt twas true,
Doth not each night with dreames of thy foule ſins
Torment thy ſoule with gaſtly Spectacles?
Cajus, Lucius, Auguſtus, Iulia,
Sejanus, and my Lord Germanicus,
Solicite Pluto for thy deepe reuenge?
They doe, they doe, and all the furies ſhake
There new filde yron whips for their reuenge.
If there be heauen, be ſure of Nemeſis:
If there be hell be ſure to be tormented,
With balefull tortors neuer yet inuented. (breath?

Tibe. Not all this while, good Daughter out of
Wel, ſpeake thy laſt, that Rome ſhal here thee prate

Agr. My laſt fond Tyrant know that I wil ſpeake
In ſpite of Nero, in diſdaine of Rome,
Nero the Butcher, bloody ſhambles Rome,
Who ſells the fayreſt ware at meaneſt price.

Tibe. I, and becauſe peeuiſh wilfull griefe,
Hath made you ſomewhat leane, not fit for ſale,
You ſhall to graſſe to Pandaturia:
Prouide her hay and water ſtore enough.

Agrip. No, no, what ſhall I call this hate of earth?
Ile call him Nero, thats the worſt of all.
Nero, it ſhall not neede, I am prouided
Of fairer Cates without thy honeſt care,
The corne that makes my bread are yellow cares,
Ripened by heate of anger, in my breaſt,
The barren field of nought but carefull ſeedes.
My meate the ſodden ſorrowes of my heart,

Which

Which boile with ſoft remembrance of my woes,
And if I play the Epicure in griefe,
My teares ſhall be the ſence of my repaſts.
If euer other foode my tongue dee taſte:
I euer other foode my ſtomacke doe concockt:
Let all be turn'd from ſuſtentation,
To fill impoſtumes with contagious filth.
I tell thee Nero, Agripine will die,
And ſtarue herſelfe, and ſcorne thy banniſhment.
Tis two daies ſince I laſt did taſte of meate,
Curſt be my ſoule, if euer I doe eate.
Tibe. Will you not? ſee, ſirra, go fetch ſome foode
Ile make thee curſſe thy ſelfe: hold, take, fall too.
Agri. Deteſted tyrant, I do ſcorne thy foode.
Tib. Then helpe Sirra, ope her mouth & feede her,
Cut her meate ſmall, and feede her daintily.
Agr. Out villaine. *He feedeth her, and ſhe putteth it*
Tibe. Sirra diſpatch I ſay. *(out againe*
Nay, cram her then, & feede her fat withall.
He choaketh her and ſo ſhe dies.
What haſt thou ſtrangled her? here take thy hyre.
Canſt thou not feed a Daw no better yet? *Stabs him.*
Neru. Ah, Nero, Nero.
Tib. What Nerua be content,
She choſe of this rather then baniſhment:
And better choake then ſtarue our wilful daughter,
Shee's gone, and if I liue thou ſhalt goe after. *Aſide.*
Exeunt all but Macro and Caligula.
Macro. Barbarous, inhumane, worſe then crueltie,
Which Gods and men, nine eyes, and ſoule, do hate,
What Hyporborian Climate in the North?
What Lidian deſart, Indian vaſtacie?
What wilderneſſe in wilde Arabia,
So hatefull monſter euer nouriſhed,
To hinder willing death by villanie?
Caligula, Changeling Caligula,

Where is the Spirit of Germanicus?
Did he beget thee in an idle dreame?
Or did thy Mother thinke it vanitie
As Æthiops Queene vpon Andromeda?
If but one ſparke by chance remaine aliue,
If but one drop, one Mathematicke point,
Make vp a Sea, a bodie by addition,
Blow vp (Caligula) this fleepie ſparke,
Caligula remember what thou art.
Calig. Macro, Caligula can beare thy taunts,
Can be vpbraided at a Captaines hand,
My Father told me, and I remember it,
The higheſt vertue is true patience.
I know not what you meane by all theſe wordes,
That mount my Fathers prayſes to the skie,
To liue ſecurely, I deeme that the beſt,
And a great vertue to be patient.
Macro. Patient Caligula, I am a ſham'd,
I am impatient to heare that word,
That noble Title wreſted from his ſence,
Ah! did not Macro ſerue Germanicus
When as thy Mother bare thee in the field?
Did not a peale of Trumpets ſound thy birth?
And Drums make muſicke to allay hir paines?
Waſt thou not train'd fore thou couldſt ſpeake,
Didſt thou not were a Common Soldiers ſute?
And therefore hadſt thy name Caligula?
Where is thy Captiue ſoule impriſoned?
Thy Lyons heart? incag'd! no, thou art wiſe,
Thou deem'ſt that Nero hath ſuborn'd my tongue,
To make a glozing Theame of flatterie,
To ſift thy ſecrets, and to ſell thy life,
Firſt let the earth open her curſſed wombe,
and ſwallow vp this helliſh mantion,
Let euerie ſtep treade on a Scorpion:
Let euerie obiect be a Baſſaliske:

Let

Let heauen——what can I wiſh Caligula?
Here is my poynard: here, be ſure ſtrike home,
If thou canſt haue but leaſt ſuſpition
That Macro ſeekes to vndermine my Lord.
What? ſhall I now become a Sycophant?
Cali. Macro, Caligula doth not miſtruſt,
Nor hath he reaſon to miſdoubt thy faith,
But Macro, thus much for Caligula:
Meete me at Fides Temple, there thou ſhalt know
More, then vnto my mother I durſt ſhew.
Macro. Were it to Thale, I would thether poaſt,
To heare the ſentence of Caligula.
Till then my Lord adiew.
Calig. Farwel Macro. *Exit Macro.*
My Father ſlaine or poyſoned in the Eaſt,
Liuia become a foule adultereſſe.
Nero and Druſus faſt ſhut vp in ward,
and thou deere mother heere lyeſt butchered.
Grow to the earth you feeble inſtruments. *He kneels*
Till I diſtill a liquid ſacrifice *downe*
From my harts fornance, & theſe Chriſtal ſtreames.
Ye dry'd vp wels, ſtraine out a little more,
Tis Agripina that you muſt deplore.
Proud Spirit, bound thy ſwelling Timpanie,
Till I vnfraught this Galley of laments.
Then cleare thy paſſage, and burſt out in fire,
and make an Earthquake in this little world.
What ſhall I vow? to whome ſhall I lament?
Vnto the Marbles? they doe weepe for ſorrow.
Vnto the Walles? thy riue themſelues with griefe.
Vnto the Beaſts? why they would ſtarue themſelues
To feede themſelues vpon this fading hew.
Marbles and Walles, and beaſtes more ruth then he,
That was the Author of this Tragedie.
He takes her in his armes and goes in.
Æneas burthen neuer was ſo deare,

As this celeſtiall burthen which I beare. *Exit.*

Nero and Druſus chained in priſon.

Dru. Brother I faint, and now my ſtarued ſoule,
Seekes for to feed vpon Ambroſia. (chain'd
Nero. Dear Druſius, wold mine armes were but vn-
That thou mightſt ſtanch thy hunger on my fleſh:
My colder humors feed my gnawing heat,
That I can better yet endure the faſt.
See brother I thinke thou maiſt reach mine arme,
I pray thee feed vpon this leane repaſt.
Dru. No brother if it would prolong my life,
Till the great yeare when al things muſt be chang'd
To the Idea of the formers will.
But if thy hungry woolfe doe vexe thy ſoule,
Feed on theſe eates, taſte on this brawnie arme,
That will reioyce to feede thy appetite.
Nero. Nay brother feed on mine } *They eate each*
Dru. Nay brother mine. } *others armes.*

Enter Caligula againe.

Cal. Boaſt not Antigone of thy deare loue.
To Polinices thy affected brother,
Whom thou in ſight of Creon didſt entombe,
I haue entomb'd a farre more precious Iewell,
I in diſpite of Nero farre more cruell.
Dru. Ah, Nero, Nero, that doſt vs enforce,
To be ſuch louing Romane Canibals,
Cal. Who calles on Nero, waſt my mothers ghoſt?
Nero. Ah cruell Cæſar, brother forgiue, forgiue,
My food digeſteth not, nor can I liue.
Cal. Or am I blind, or doe mine eyes behold,
My ſtarued brothers? tis ſo Caligula.
Nero. Brother farewell my glaſſe of life is run.
Dru. And Ile go with thee to Elizium. *They both die*
Cal. Is there a prouident intelligence?
That rules the world by his eternall being?
Is there a Ioue? and will he not be juſt?

Or

Or is he iuſt? and will he not reuenge?
What is he? whom, or where, or who can tell?
Canſt thou not moue the heauens? then raiſe vp hell.

Exit Caligula.

Enter Tiberius with his guard.

Tib. Cocceius Nerua ſtaru'd himſelfe to death,
I wonder much what made the old man die,
In truth I lou'd him for his naked truth,
In truth he was an honeſt ſimple man.
Well vertue go with him, vice ſtay with me,
Till I haue maſſacred my priſoners,
And rooted out all this conſpiracie:
Then will I ſeeme a new reformed man,
And riſe betimes each morning to the Temple,
So afterwards I may contriue ſome drifts.
I haue a Catalogue which I muſt finde,
And ſearch the priſons whether I haue all.

Iulius Celſus crieth out of priſon.

Cel. Ah, Nero, Nero, Celſus begs thine ayde,
Tib. Iulius Celſus what is thy petition?
Cel. An humble ſutor for your clemencie.
Tib. My clemencie Celſus, Marie and you ſhall,
I, and great reaſon for Seianus ſake.
Cel. Not in his name I beg compaſſion,
But by thy vertues I doe thee intreat,
ah gracious Nero let my Guiues be loos'd.
Tib. And Celſus led to execution.
Cel. Ah, no Tiberius, I deſire not death,
But better eaſe in my impriſonment,
For this I beg.
Tib. For whoſe ſake Iulius?
Celſ. For mercies ſake, and thy deare Geneus.
Tib. For that word Iailer looſe his Iron bands,
Or by my Geneus thou ſhalt looſe thy head,
Celſ. O voice of comfort, thanks Tiberius.
Tib. Tis but for a while, know that Iulius.

Celſ. Now

Celſus. Now monſter, Tyger, earthes infection,
Plague of the world, ſcourge of our happie Rome,
Treaſons firſt borne, hels out-ſpewed vomit,
Prodigious homicide, and murthers lawe,
That makes a ſporting lawe to murther men.
Tibe. Holla and breathe, and then beginne again,
Nero ſhall recompence thee for thy paine.
Celſus Such Recompence had good Germanicus,
Such Agripina, ſuch had Iulia:
Such Nero, Druſus, and their deareſt Mother,
Poore Agripina, wife Aſinius:
Sabinus, Nerua, and thy other ſelfe,
Young Druſus, whoſe deare blood was once thine owne
Yet of thine owne hadſt no compaſsion.
And laſtly, (though not vndeſeruing it)
Yet heerein well deſeruing at thy hands,
In that he was thy miſchiefes inſtrument:
Hapleſſe Sejanus too improuident,
Of his intended fall, thy falſe intent.
And ſuch a recompence remaines for me,
The meaneſt ſubjeſt of thy Tyrannie.
Tibe. Marie amen, ſweare it, an Oracle:
Celſus. But tyrant, Celſus doth contemne thy furie
My minde was neuer feuer-ſhooke with feare
Of Meagre death, lifes due priuation,
I haue alreadie arm'd my age to die,
Whoſe age deemes death the end of miſerie.
See therefore Tyger, heeres thy mercies fruite,
The eaſe I ſought, the end of earneſt ſuite.
For this I beg'd, for this I ſeem'd vnwilling,
For to be dead, that I might gaine my killing.
He puts the Chaine about his necke and ſtrangles himſelf.
Tiber. Wondrous well gain'd, here is good vſury,
Where tis the gainers intereſt to die:
But Oh for Charitie! Iayler, Soldiers run,
Reſcue his life, before his life be gone.

Yet

Yet let him goe.
Iailer What is your highneſſe will?
Tib. Nay nothing now but that as yon man dies,
For Charitie cloſe vp his dying eyes.
Why this it is to haue a pollicie,
Here's a poore plot to preuent crueltie.
And ten to one the villaine vnderſtands,
How this will vexe me that he ſcapes my hands.
But let that paſſe leaue him to Acheron,
His part is paſt, part of my part's to come.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Caligula and Macro from Fides Temple.

Cal. Thus haue we interchang'd our mutuall othes
In preſence of the Goddeſſe of all truth:
Macro remember how thou art inioyn'd,
By words, by ſignes, by letters and by thoughts,
For to adore eternall ſecrecie.
Macro. And if my Lord miſdoubt my ſecrecie,
Cut out my tongue, cut off my traitors hands,
Vnioynt my bodie, and pull out my heart,
That I may neither tell, nor make a ſigne,
Nor thinke one thought againſt your royal tie.
Cal. Pardon me Macro, if I ſomewhat feare,
That hauing all this while ſecurely ſlept,
Vnder the Canopie of vanitie,
And neuer did impart my ſecrecie,
To father, mother, or my brethren:
Nerua, Sabinus, or Aſinius:
Nero, Seianus, all I haue deceiued;
Vnder pretext of youthfull brauerie.
But Macro, to thy youth I recommend,
The ſupreame relique of Germanicus.
by Agripinaes loathed execution,
By my deare brothers ſtarued carkaſſes,
By thee, by me, by all the gods, by all:
And if that any number be, more then all.

Ioyne to exile this proud Tarquinius,
Inſulting Nero: no not ſo, not ſo:
Yes ſo it muſt be, or elſe murthered,
For nought but death can ſatisfie my wrongs.
Macro. Like as a Grayhound in his hot purſuite,
Striues to out-ſtrip the fearfull flying Doe,
Or as Dianaes gift to Cephalus,
yearn'd to out-run the beaſt of Archadie,
Both ſtriuing, yet both ſwifter then the blaſts,
Diſdaine Boreas in his ſwelling pride,
Shot for the ſiſter of faire Dianire:
So doth the honour of your houering thoughts,
Grudge to be equall'd by my fluttering flight,
Yet good my Lord giue Macro leaue to mount,
And ceaze vpon the accoſting ſtooping pray.
Cal. Not ſo, I (Macro) tis that haue the wrong.
Macro. But I my Lord, ——
Cal. Do not intreat,
Doe not prolong with idle breathing words,
The date of cold reuenge: for euen this night,
Nero ſhall be inroll'd in Plutoes Court.
In Germanie farre on the Northren ſide,
Within the circuit of a deſart wood,
A wilderneſſe of deadly Baſilisks,
Within this circuit is an helliſh poole,
Cold in the tenth degree. Not Stix ſo cold,
Wherein the fearefull Thetis drencht her ſonne.
In a Mules hoofe this water haue I kept,
As fatall drinke to Philips worthie ſonne,
And euen this night this water ſhall reuenge,
The Tyrants wrongs vnto Caligula,
Macro flie vnto the Legions, win their hearts,
Perſwade with all thy warlike eloquence,
Aduaunce our Eagles, and to morrow morne
Approach with them vnto the Capitol,
Faile not good Macro, but make haſt away,

This

This night for Nero or Caligula.

Enter Liuia Sola.

Liuia. Can Liuia ſtill participate this ayre?
Still temporize with fawning miſerie?
Still feed on cares, yet ſtill vaine hopes repaire?
Will nothing end my cruell deſtinie?
What lumpiſh Saturne did inſpire my breath,
Did make me die in life, yet liue in death?

Breath out thy plaints, with all breath out thy hart
Euaporate the ſpirits of thy ſoule,
Weepe out thy braine the ſubſtance of thy ſmart,
That knew thy ſhame, yet would not ſin controule,
Anotamize this Sepulchre of ſhame,
Soule, hart, and braine, and all, and all to blame.

Is Druſus dead? and yet can Liuia liue?
Sejanus at Elizium, and I ſtay?
My father murthered? who me life can giue?
My brothers ſtaru'd? Liuia not made away?
Old Heccuba by death could eaſe her griefe,
And cannot Liuia find out like reliefe?

Can I that flouriſhed like faireſt Roſe,
Droope like the Lillie beaten downe with raine?
Can I to whom each courtiers tongue would gloſe,
Endure their ſcornes, their taunts and vile diſdaine?
Could Liuia liue, when Liuia was contented?
And cannot Liuia die now ſhees tormented?

She kneeles downe by the Welles ſide.

Great Faunus to whoſe ſacred Deitie,
This ſanctified groue is conſecrate:
Accept the incenſe of my laſt pietie,

The beſt deuotion I can dedicate:
Accept great Faunus this my dying proffer:
Many more great, none more ſincere can offer.

Not Dido to Sicheus ſacrifice,
Nor Cleopatra vnto Anthonie:
Nor great Olympias could this truce diſpiſe,
Nor Sophonisbaes loyall miſerie:
Zenobia, Palmicaes noble Queene,
This fatall end of Liuia might be ſeeme.

Faire fountaine cleare the blots of infamie,
Cold ſtreames, congeale the rumour of my death,
Thou onely Philomela ſing my Tragedie,
Carroll a Dirge for my exhaled breath:
Faire ſtreames I come, let no man heare my cries,
Let no man ſhed one teare that Liuia dies.

Here ſhe leapeth in.

Enter Caligula ſolus.

Cal. By this, the cruel Tarquine ſhould be ſped,
Baniſht from Rome and Romane Emperie,
But much I feare, preſeruatiues doe ſtay
The furie of his waterie receipt,
And Macro may be trecherous: what a foole
Was I for to impart my ſecrecie?
O what a villaine was Caligula?
Horror confounds me in this Agonie:
But Ile Cataſtrophize this Tragedie.
Did not the villaine ſweare, and vow, and weepe,
Offer his breaſt, that I might make a window
To ſee the cankers of his feſtred ſoule,
And thou wouldeſt not take him at his word?

Enter Macro.

Macro. My Lord, the legions are all vp in armes,
For to ſalute your grace the Emperour.

Cal. Thanks

Cali. Thankes Macro, royall friend commaund them ſtay,
Till I returne from Nero back againe. *Exit Macro.*
Caligula goeth to the place where Nero Tiberius lyeth ſicke, and pulleth aſide the Arras.
Caligula. All happineſſe vnto your Majeſtie.
Tibe. Curſt be all happineſſe, for I haue none.
I haue a fire, a fire within my bowells,
That burnes, and ſcalds, and mads me with the pain:
If I muſt die, yet would I had my wiſh,
Oh that euen all the people in the world,
Had but one necke that at one deadly blowe,
I might vnpeople all the world and die.
Giue me my hands that I may rent my fleſh,
And teare this raging from out my burning intralls
Where is Æſculapius? who goes for him?
Ile hale the leach from hell to cure my paine,
And if that Nero doe not quickly mend,
Ile burne euen all the Temples of the Gods,
That cannot help the Romaine Emperour.
Calig. Yes, I will helpe the Romaine Emperour, and be reueng'd on thee Tiberius.
Thou monſter Tyrant, thus ile help thee thus:
He ſtops his breath with the ſheete, and ſtabs him.
This for Germanicus, this for Agripine,
This for Nero, this for Druſus, this for Caligula.
So,—*Re enters vpon the Stage.*
There Nero, the hate of Rome lies butchered,
He raign'd noe day, but ſome were murthered,
Asking his Maiſter Zeno a Greeke word,
What Dialect? he anſwered Dorice,
And therefore kild him, for becauſe he thought
He mockt him for his Rhodian banniſhment.
He loathd wine now, becauſe he ſwilled ſoare:
More greedily then he did wine'd before.
He ſlue a Poet for this little cauſe,

Becauſe that in a doleſull Tragedie,
Hee rail'd on Agamemnons crueltie.
It is a holy law, and Romaine rite,
No veſtall Virgin ſhould be ſtrangled,
He for to inuent a crueltie,
Made firſt the hang-man to deflowre the Maides.
And then commaunded for to ſtrangle them.
When one had almoſt kild himſelfe for feare,
He made his Surgions for to cure his woundes.
The tyrant would deny no Witneſſes,
If any did accuſe twas preſent death.
When firſt the Tyrant did poſſeſſe the Crowne,
He ſent to Rhodes, for a deare friend of his,
Who cherriſht Nero in his baniſhment.
He comming vnto Rome, found out the Prince,
But in an angrie, ſullen, diſcontent:
Who in a rage made him be tortured:
And whē the villain ſaw he had wrong'd his friend
He murthered him, that it might be conceald.
He crucified one Peter cald a Saint,
Of holy Iewes, that did adore one Chriſt,
Which they entitle Sauiour of the world.
He kil'd one Pryam (therein happy moſt,
In that he liued and all his Cuildren loſt.)
Theſe and ſo many more as ſhould I tell,
I ſhould imploy a world to number them,
And ſtill be further with Simonides,
To ſignifie the certaine multitude.
By theſe his acts ile iuſtifie his death,
That I may get Romes royall Empiry,
And to eternall glorie of renowne,
I was a foole, but all to get the Crowne.

FINIS.